

Scandinavia

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FROM HOME.

Telegrams report numerous and heavy failures at Stockholm and other places in Sweden. It could not be expected that Sweden would avoid financial troubles like those which have occurred in Norway, Denmark and Holland. The progress in Sweden has, at least in certain localities, been extraordinarily rapid, and the Swedes are also more apt to go to extremes and to abuse credit than the other two Scandinavian nations. We hardly make any mistake by supposing the depression in the agricultural interests as one of the main causes. As a rule it is the poorest soil which first depreciates, because here the net is a less percentage of the gross profit, and any alteration in prices therefore exercises a greater influence and is more apt to swallow up the net income. This time the most fertile parts of Denmark and Sweden seem to be just as badly off. The heavy clay soils used to bring the heaviest rentals through the cultivation and sale of wheat. Formerly wheat always brought much more than—sometimes even nearly, if not quite, double—the price of rye. Now the price is so low that there is very little difference in price between them, and the best product of these fertile lands is barely remunerative. It is no wonder that men formerly considered well off have to leave their farms, and that, with the farmers, the merchants who have given them credit and with them, again, the great grain houses, and even some banks, are in turn forced to the wall.

It is now, as always, nonsense to speak of general overproduction. Mankind is never too well supplied with what is wanted. It is also not the substitution of gold for silver as a standard in the money systems of several countries which, by making money scarcer, is the main cause of the change in values. Silver is still used about as much in the common circulation, even if it is only as subsidiary coin; and, what is more important, both gold and silver play an insignificant role in the whole circulation compared with the divers means of credit. Any development of the insti-

tutions of commercial credit has therefore more influence even for a quite considerable period of time, and any expansion of credit when one of the sanguine waves with a belief in the economical future strikes the public mind is of more momentous consequence than the introduction of international bimetallism or a greater production of gold. With all respect for the importance for the general level of prices of the greater or less production of gold, it is undoubtedly more correct—as, for instance, Edward Atkinson does here in the United States—when treating the question of the present economical derangement, to lay stress on the recent increase of economical progress, with a necessarily following decrease in certain prices and the resulting local economic disturbances. The extension of the American railroads over the western plains, and the consequent immigration to them, the building of railways in India, progress in Hungary, Russia, etc., must necessarily lower the price of wheat and even of meat, to the detriment of other wheat and beef producers, but to the benefit of mankind. The introduction of steam in navigation and on the railroads is also not to the same interest for sailing-vessel owners as for others. Similar changes have taken place in the steel and iron production and in a number of other industries. Also, it is not the case that there is a general depression. Especially do we in the American west know well enough that great and true progress is continually taking place.

An understanding of the nature of the malady teaches the true remedies. The depression of prices by progress itself, brings, on the whole, an equal—or more correctly, a still greater—new demand; and nowhere is this more true, after a not so very long period of time, than just where there is question of the production of such articles as wheat or meat. It is not long ago that it was commonly taught that these products, particularly, would continue to rise, and that therefore the landholding classes, without any exertion from their own

side, would continually get a greater share in the whole production. This was very agreeable for the aristocracy in England or for the yeomen and gentlemen farmers of Scandinavia, who could even continually live above their income and without strictly-paying business, and still get through all right, because the rising value of their land enabled them to constantly contract new loans; it was less desirable for human society. For the countries and classes in question the remedies are now, as always, to adopt the best processes, to find out the production that continues to pay. If it no longer pays well to make poor butter, it still pays to produce the always-in-demand fine article. If it no longer pays to fatten poor hogs or poor grades of cattle, it pays to raise and to fatten the right breeds. Agriculture must follow the movement of human progress, and not continue to be an immovable routine.

It is certain that the protective tariff, now also again so strongly advocated in the Scandinavian countries, is no remedy. It is a poor arrangement of the national labor, instead of a good one, just like the introduction of a poor machine instead of a better one. Most economical questions have to be decided according to times and circumstances. This is also generally true as concerns free competition. The presumption is for liberty, but we are obliged to investigate the single cases according to their own merits. This is, however, not the case with tariff protection. A good many reasons can be stated for government support in experiments or in the introduction of new industries, but no valid reason can be given for furnishing this support in the shape of tariff protection where the amounts given and taken certainly are not seen, but where there must always be great losses in the disturbance of the economical life, by preserving uneconomical methods, etc. It is all sophistry and misunderstanding what is said against free trade. It is only lack of insight or prejudiced self-interest which keeps up the protective system. As it specially concerns protection of agricultural products the present protective movement in Sweden and Denmark comes in under the old argumentation so long ago used during the anti-corn law movement in England. It is this very old ground which must now be gone over again in the present economical debates in Scandinavia.

In Norway the popular government is reported not to intend to propose any tariff changes of importance. In Denmark the public is so occupied with its endless political fight that even this ques-

tion of so momentous importance cannot produce a serious debate. We have to notice with satisfaction that even this direct bid from the government for the farmer vote was emphatically thrown back by the farmers of the Folkething. Bismarck succeeded when appealing to the agricultural class interest, but the Danish peasant farmers, formerly not too well known for disinterestedness, would not even listen to Mr. Estrup's proposals to protect them and their properties against the sinking values. In Sweden the tariff question—and especially the demand for protection for the farmer—is, however, stated to be the main serious question in the present Riksdag. The arguments are somewhat different in Sweden and in Denmark. In Denmark it is easy to demonstrate that it is the abolition of the extreme tariff duties, like those on iron and lumber, as also on most other products, which would benefit the farmers, as at the same time they would be in the interest of the whole community, while the proposed protective duties on Indian corn and barley would even hinder the most desirable development of agriculture itself. In Sweden, where large portions of the country import grain, such a duty might benefit some farmers; but it would at the same time directly rob the workingmen. One of the most reliable free-traders, Dr. Hedlund from Gothenburg, continues to fight the old battle. For instance, he shows how little there is in the repeated cry for reciprocity: that there is no reason to add a new loss because another country is ignorant enough to hurt its own as well as other countries' interests by imposing protective duties. He has even, according to a late report, moved in the Riksdag that the protected industries, logically, should be obliged also to protect their workingmen by the erection of cheap houses, by a limit of nine hours for the working day, by adopting a scale of minimum wages, etc. The masters would hardly accept the protection on such terms. Notwithstanding all the demands from the rich farming provinces of the country, and notwithstanding the great majority of the farmers in the Riksdag, we do not, however, doubt the good sense of the Swedish people in the question of economical freedom.

The miserable political situation in Denmark is only growing worse, with no sign of a speedy end. The Folkething having shown its temper toward the cabinet by throwing out the budget at the first reading, the government later, after the

formerly-mentioned prorogation of two months, introduced the budget in the upper house, the Landsting. But even here some of its own adherents were opposed to the proceedings, and especially to the proposals of extraordinary military expenses. The Landsting also voted for considerable reduction of the proposed expenses. The government brought into the Folkething the budget for the current year in connection with its provisional bill of appropriation. The Thing surprised the cabinet by then taking up the usual proceeding with the budget, not because it now—more than before—would have anything to do with the ministers, but because it wanted to try whether a political agreement was not possible with the Landsting. Instead of encouraging this attempt, however, the cabinet used its formal right to close the Rigsdag when it had been two months together. To supply the want of all legal appropriation for this year the cabinet had the king sign a resolution that they could continue to take the money necessary for running expenses. The Folkething had still occasion, before the closing, to protest against this manner of voting taxes and expenses. It was specially instanced by the venerable Bishop Monrad that not even a single adherent of the government pretended that this royal resolution was within the pale of the constitution. It has been noticed that the crown prince, when this high-handed resolution was issued, was absent with his wife, the daughter of the late King Charles of Sweden-Norway, on a rather unusual winter visit to Stockholm, and, therefore, could not take any part in the meeting of the privy council when it was decided. It is also worth noticing that not alone the framer of the constitution, Monrad, but also that other surviving prominent middle-class statesman from the dawn of liberty, 1848 and the years before, who is still a member of the Landsting—Krieger—would not approve the actions of the government. The Folkething has protested against the provisional laws, the appropriation of money not legally voted, etc., and also against the imprisonment of its president, Mr. Berg, for a trivial happening with a police-master at a meeting; and in the Landsting, the best men have at least not approved of the government. The Folkething is evidently very reluctant to attempt the impeachment of the cabinet, with a high court consisting partly of members of the upper house, partly from the supreme court. It has specially been mentioned that this last institution has shown its political color by its hard sentence

against the president, Berg, although he had not directly acted against the police-master on his orator's tribune, and only instigated the matter by refusing to speak during his presence on the tribune. On the other hand it has been noticed that the court has recently acquitted Mr. Hörup, another popular leader in the Folkething, in a case brought against him for an insignificant notice in his paper which was said to reflect on the king. The point seems now to have been reached where, in the session the coming fall, the Folkething cannot longer delay to recur to the utmost means in its power—an impeachment. In the meantime the petty war will be continued; on one side there will be numerous violent meetings, refusal to pay taxes, boycotting of the conservatives, etc.; on the other side constant numerous petty prosecutions, gendarmes, illegal legislation and taking money not voted. It is doubtful whether the popular party will obtain its ends by impeachment or by any other means at its disposal, but it seems certain that the proceedings of the government cannot possibly succeed in winning the majority necessary under the constitution.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

THOUGHTS ON IMMIGRATION AND ITS INFLUENCES.

On a Sunday morning a short time ago one of the big dailies of Minneapolis, Minn., appeared with a most abusive article on immigration and the immigrants. "The growth of the slums of the large cities," "the dregs of society," "the peasant clods,"—those were the terms indiscriminately applied to the foreign-born population of the United States.

The paper in question, on being remonstrated with, disclaimed all intention of insulting the foreigners, alleging the appearance of the libelous article to an accident such as may happen even in the best-regulated newspaper family.

The time may never come when utterances like those above cited will indicate a settled conviction on the part of any considerable portion of the community, yet it is impossible to deny the fact that immigration is no longer regarded an unalloyed blessing, nor are the immigrants welcomed as cordially as before. In the East these sentiments once crystallized in the formation of the "Know-Nothing" party. The Western people, however, have but lately commenced to give the subject any thought at all. The early development of this unfriendly feeling in the Eastern states of our common country is

easily explained by the character of the immigration that used to pour in there. The potato famine in Ireland of 1847 filled their cities with swarms of ignorant and priest-ridden Irish men and women. It was a material out of which much good might come; but also one which, in the hands of unscrupulous politicians and crafty priests, would prove anything but a wholesome addition to the communities in which they settled. The results of the baneful influence under which the Irish fell are notorious. Being an English-speaking race, however, the injury worked upon them was not irremediable, and they could always be reached through the ordinary channels of American thought and life.

The West, on the contrary, had every reason to welcome even this Irish immigration of the famine years. A countless extent of wild but fruitful country lay waiting for improvement. Immense natural resources were unproductive for lack of development. Only human beings were wanting to subdue the wilderness; and so the west beckoned to the poor and oppressed of all nations and of all climes to come and lend their hands to the glorious task she had found before her. They came. They have made our western country what it now is. Without them the task would have been a hopeless one. Thanks to their energy, their capacity for hard manual labor, their frugality and perseverance, the West to-day stands the peer of any country. Much polishing is still to be done, but the roughest work is accomplished, the roads opened to the great possibilities that daily rise before us.

In other words, the day of wholesale immigration is past, and sentiments of the kind expressed by the Minneapolis journal indicate a crude realization of that fact.

The Chinese immigration has been prohibited by act of Congress, and the Caucasian race is engaged in a war of extermination against the Mongolian inhabitants of this country. The ethical phase of this struggle is not to be considered here; nor shall we more than mention the strange inconsistency between the principles that lie at the foundation of our government and those on which the action against the Chinese is based.

But the stubborn fact remains that the people of the United States in general have arrived at the conclusion that not all immigration is desirable. The Chinese, by virtue of their strong race characteristics and remarkable frugality, were the first to feel the effects of this change of mind. Then came the turn to the pauper immigrants

of Europe shipped to our ports to relieve the overburdened communities of their nativity, and possibly better their own fortunes.

The justice of excluding those two classes of immigrants may be a matter of dispute. But the principle once having been established on grounds of public policy, it is easy to see that its application will not stop here. So many signs point in that direction; the agitation against foreign ownership of land is one of them. Growing out of a sound view of political economy, intended, in the first place, to prevent the gobbling up by private individuals and corporations of large tracts of land, the fact that so far the principle has been applied to foreigners only is not without significance. Of more importance, because affecting directly the wage workers of the country, are the existence in and importation into the United States of large colonies of foreign labor. They cannot but be a disturbing element on the labor market, leaving out of consideration the important circumstance that frequently they show as little tendency to assimilation with the American people as do the Chinese.

All things considered, an agitation of the subject of immigration is therefore quite likely to occur at no very distant day. The great political power of the foreigners will not allow of any radical measures against immigration generally, but partial legislation directed against certain classes of immigrants may well be looked for. It is too early in the game to pronounce as to the stand which the foreign-born citizens themselves will take in such an agitation. Their interests, however, being practically identical with those of the native Americans, so called, the question of nativity must play but a secondary part to that of bread. For, divesting the question of all sentimentality, the real issue will be whether unlimited competition shall be encouraged or discouraged; whether the high standard reached by our American conditions of life can be maintained in the face of unrestricted and uncongenial immigration. Society may perhaps, in course of time, adapt itself to such a state of things, but meanwhile some crude experimenting is liable to be done.

LUTH. JAEGER.

SCANDINAVIANS AND THE WISCONSIN
UNIVERSITY.

The danger to the continued existence of the Scandinavian professorship in the University of Wisconsin seems for the moment to be happily

passed. Nothing definite is yet known as to its future, but the discussion called forth by the announcement of its alleged discontinuance indicates a fair measure of good-will toward it.

The watchfulness of the Scandinavians of the State should, however, suffer no relaxation. The outgoing members of the board of regents having all been reappointed, the Scandinavian element is still without a representative in that body. To their press, therefore, and to the influence of individuals, the important interests connected with the professorship are still intrusted. There is no reason to fear that they will not be attended to. At the same time, some printed utterances on the part of a prominent Norwegian-American, for years a lay leader in the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Synod, should not pass without comment. While strongly advocating the claims of the Scandinavians to a seat in the board of regents and a chair in the faculty of the State University, he also, with considerable emphasis, maintains that no person should be selected for either of those positions who is not a church member. Though qualifying this to mean any church or religious society, there is good cause for believing that a Unitarian, for instance, would not come within the definition of church member to be given by the gentleman. It is hardly possible, indeed, that anything but a Lutheran would do, for "church," in the acceptance of the synod aforesaid, applies to but a very limited number of believers. Even should the term, as used in this connection, take in Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, etc., we would respectfully demur to the demands of the gentleman.

The choice of a regent or professor should be confined by no such narrow limitations. Scientific or literary attainments are dependent on no belief. They may be found within the pale of churches just as often as they are found without. The Scandinavians in particular can furnish some dearly-bought experience in support of the latter assertion. Every progressive movement, every effort to emancipate the mind and set the thought free to follow its own soundings have been discountenanced and resisted by the Scandinavian church in the United States. In view of this fact it seems rather preposterous to demand for this church alone the appointing power in a matter of such moment to the whole Scandinavian population of Wisconsin and the entire Northwest.

The interests of the University will best be served by leaving the question of religious belief

entirely out of consideration. That, of course, in no way precludes the possibility of selecting, when the time for selection has come, a churchman of the purest water. We only ask that the fact of somebody being a church member shall not prejudice the appointing power in his favor, and vice versa.

SCANDINAVIANS IN MINNESOTA STATE POLITICS.

The Scandinavians of Minnesota evidently do not propose to be caught napping. Always foremost in the art and practice of politics, the state election to be held next fall is already the object of an animated discussion in their newspapers.

As a kind of challenge to the American press, *The Nordvesten*, of St. Paul, some time ago, in an English article, declared that nothing would satisfy the Scandinavian republicans but two candidates on the state ticket. The declaration failed of its primary object, only a couple of country papers published in districts largely Scandinavian noticing and assenting to it, the leading dailies wisely concluding to keep out of the way, and have so far remained silent on the subject. The Scandinavian papers of republican persuasion (and, *Budstikken* excepted, they all belong there), having every reason in the world for keeping up the agitation, are earnestly discussing the matter.

As to the main question there is no dissent. The number of candidates demanded stands in but just proportion to the vote the Scandinavians poll in the state. Neither is there anything but the most beautiful harmony on the proposition laid down by *The Nordvesten*, that one of them must be a Norwegian, the other a Swede.

The difficulty, however, is to determine who shall be the candidates. On that point but little has as yet been said, no paper, we believe, being ready to announce its preferences.

There are men among the Scandinavians competent to fill any of the state offices, but popular interest so far centers around that of secretary of state. Colonel H. Mattson, a former incumbent of this office, is prominently mentioned in this connection. S. J. Willard, for a number of years auditor of Goodhue county; Herman Stockenström, manager of the Minnesota branch of *Gamla och Nya Hemlandet*, and A. F. Nordin, the present assistant secretary of state, also aspire to the honor.

The only Norwegian so far brought forward as a candidate for the secretaryship is H. G. Stordock, of Wilkin county, a leading member of the last

house, and strongly identified with the farmers' movements in the northern part of the state.

Charles Kittelson, the present state treasurer, would probably like to succeed himself, but, having had the office for three successive terms, it is not likely that his wishes will be gratified. O. H. Lucken, treasurer of Polk county, will probably come forward as a candidate, though the claims of the Germans on the state treasuryship, which formerly used to be one of their political perquisites, may exclude the Scandinavian competition for this office.

As Scandinavian candidates for the other offices, Knute Nelson is occasionally spoken of in connection with the governorship. It is more than likely, however, that he will content himself for the time being with his present position as a member of congress. American politicians will hardly countenance Scandinavian aspirations to the highest office in the state, and his political future is undoubtedly best secured by abandoning all present ambition in this direction. The attorney-generalship was for years the object of G. W. Aretander's political calculations. Having removed from Willmar to Minneapolis he may now be considered as out of the race. State Senator Steenerson, of Polk county, is said to have his eyes on the office, but very little has as yet been said about it. Should the combinations to be hereafter formed give to the Swedes the secretaryship of state, A. E. Rice, state senator from Kandiyohi county, may be nominated for lieutenant-governor.

In the democratic camp nothing seems to be stirring at all. The party stands in need of thorough organization, individual efforts rather than intelligent collective work having sustained it in the past. As to its Scandinavian following very little is known.

The Norwegian vote can hardly ever more be counted on to go solid for the republicans, but the extent of the breach will not be apparent until later. One thing, however, is certain, that the democratic party, in order to benefit by the dissatisfaction among the Scandinavians, must offer inducements equally good with those tendered by the republicans. Two places on their state ticket may thus be considered as reserved for Scandinavian occupancy.

ANDRE OSCAR WALLENBERG, who recently died at Stockholm, has in his lifetime been one of the most useful citizens of Sweden. In his

youth an officer of the royal navy, he volunteered for a time to serve on board one of the Danish ships in the German-Danish war. Having early directed his great capacity into practical business, he was soon, as managing director of Stockholm's Enskilda Bank, the leader in the excellent organization of the Swedish private banks. As deputy in the Riksdag from 1850, he also there used his extraordinary economical insight and understanding. He was a true liberal, assisting progress everywhere; as one instance of many we shall mention his efforts in behalf of women's economical rights. He never bowed to popular prejudice or false democracy. We do not know anyone who will be more missed in the private and public life of the country than he. Wallenberg last year sent word to SCANDINAVIA that he intended to contribute to its columns as soon as his work in the Riksdag would give him leisure.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In the Swedish second chamber, Mr. T. A. Sijeström is trying to form a new party, with a programme of extended suffrage, highly developed common schools, better distributed taxation, and retrenched military expenses.

It is reported from Denmark that it is the intention to form a Danish-Russian steamship company, with a capital of 7,000,000 rubles, and to build a number of steel steamers adapted to the carrying of guns in case of war. If this report is correct the project is probably aided by the Russian government.

The recent Swedish loan of 81,000,000 German marks, or 72,000,000 Scandinavian crowns, issued at 94 and at 3½ per cent interest, was in a moment largely "oversigned," both in Berlin, Hamburg and Copenhagen. Already the Swedish railways owned by the government are worth more than the whole of the national debt.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN writes to the Norwegian Storting recommending it to give Alexander Kjelland the "poet's salary." The government does not intend to propose it. It will be remembered that a majority of the Thing, last session, refused the stipend on account of Kjelland's supposed irreligious tendency. Björnson declares that, if nothing is given to Kjelland, he will also refuse to receive what is voted to him.

THE majority of the Norwegian Storting has refused to recognize several elections of members of the Right. Among them are two of the members of the lately sentenced cabinet, Messrs. Holmboe and Helleesen. According to a recent constitutional amendment, members of present or former cabinets can be elected although they do not live in the electoral district. Now the majority pretends that this is a kind of emolument connected with the places lost, like other such rights, by the sentence against the ministers.

KRISTOFER JANSON.

The growth of interest in Scandinavian matters among the English-reading public of the North-west, and the steadily appreciating recognition which is accorded the progressive minds among the leaders of thought of the races who have, during the last forty years, done so much by their industry, patriotism and thrift to advance the material progress of those sections of the United States in which they have made their homes, has created an interest on the part of the purely American public to know more of the methods of thought, the life of the three Scandinavian nations, and of the representatives of those people in the various localities where they have made their homes. As a result of this interest the leading metropolitan papers of the larger western cities have commenced the publication of feature articles treating of Scandinavian authors, thinkers and leaders. Among recent contributions of Miss Ella A. Giles to the *Chicago Times*, in her well-chosen role of a feature contributor, we find a sketch of the life of Rev. Kristofer Janson, with whom all readers of SCANDINAVIA are acquainted to a greater or less degree. In this article Miss Giles treats of the characteristics of her subject in a manner which so well defines his qualities of mind and thought that we reprint the major part of her sketch. In the introduction to the subject-matter of her article she says:

From the year 1836 up to the present time an unbroken procession of Norwegian, Swedish and Danish emigrants has been steadily marching (though by no means in military order) into the United States. The waves of the sea—Æger's daughter in Norse mythology—have, more properly speaking, borne them safely into New York harbor; and from that most hospitable of all the broad Atlantic's smiling western shores they have dispersed themselves among the communities of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

Like other foreign nationalities in America they readily assimilate with and adapt themselves to our general society, yet maintain to a certain extent their own individuality by having their special schools, colleges and churches, as well as newspapers. The masses send their children to the public schools and universities. They read our papers almost as much as they do their own. But a large majority of their priests, and, in fact, all the Norwegian preachers with but one exception, who address their congregations in that language, are more or less strongly orthodox. They are, therefore, in some instances, prejudiced against certain of our American institutions. Objections to the public schools have become weaker from year to year. Parochial schools and church colleges, which foster the spirit of sectarianism, and which have been established for the purpose of keeping the youth isolated from supposedly

harmful influences, have by no means secured the monopoly expected in the Norse-American education process. In all purely religious matters, however, the priests have continued to exert a powerful sway.

Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, the United States Minister to Denmark, has long had for his terse and rather startling motto as printed even on the letter-paper most commonly used by him, the following: "Whosoever, directly or indirectly, opposes the American common school is an enemy to education, liberty and progress. Opposition to the common school is treason to our country." It was the open adoption of this motto which resulted in so many controversial articles and heated personal arguments on the part of Anderson during his early experiences. The free-school system in America has had, therefore, for its advocate among the Norwegian citizens a fearless man of their own nationality, who has challenged, in many instances, the priesthood, timid only when attacked by that enemy to all superstition—secular, political or religious—Anderson. The priests have hated him for years. They have met together in solemn conclave and tried to devise ways and means of thwarting him and destroying his influence upon the precious young Scandinavian lambs in their flocks.

Prof. Anderson, who would have become a minister himself had he followed the advice of some of his relatives and friends, has had many a theological tilt as well as secular snarl with his countrymen in America. While Bjornstjerne Bjornson has been using voice and pen for the liberty and enlightenment of his people in Norway, and can almost see the "approach of a grand, free republic of the north, in which freedom of conscience is a main element," Anderson has been seeking to remove the sectarian scales from the eyes of those who have left that far-off land of more past romances than present ambitions, and who are still blinded by bigotry and superstition. Norwegian narrowness and intolerance in America to-day have an active foe in Kristofer Janson, the "lyric poet, dramatist, novelist and favorite orator of Norway," who visited America during the winter of 1879-80 in view of "studying the practical workings of republican institutions and of becoming acquainted with the Scandinavian settlements of our North-western States." At the present time he is located in Minneapolis, and he is, without doubt, the most prominent and distinguished Norwegian in this country, possessing remarkable literary genius and exerting a wide social influence upon the Norse element which now forms so large a portion of our northwestern civilization.

Kristofer Janson was born at Bergen, Norway, May 5, 1841. His father was United States consul in Norway, and his thoughts were naturally turned toward America at an early age. The frequent receipt of various public documents from the United States government were marked events. It seemed to him from boyhood, what it has proven in his manhood, a land of liberty and progress, affording ample scope for the employment of man's highest energies, full of noble incentives and just rewards to all aspiring souls.

Mr. Janson is a man of many gifts. Few natures are more richly endowed. Although eminently practical in everyday matters there is about him a childlike simplicity at once pleasing and confusing to the American stranger on first meeting him. The ample geography of our country seems to have dazzled his mind somewhat; the immensity of business enterprises in America has filled his brain with

wonder. While he is thoroughly at ease, and maintains a steady self-poise, he yet meets the American public in an appealing, modest attitude, as if it might be skeptical (and he is undoubtedly so) concerning his greatness, so widely felt in Norway. While deeply interested in every noted individual whom he becomes acquainted with here, he would seem by his own frankly acknowledged humility in the presence of America's profoundest scholars to suppose himself regarded only as a cipher. Although the successful author of twenty-one medium-sized volumes, this descendant from the old Teutonic gods, so majestic in bearing, as handsome as Balder, and as gifted as Brag, the god of poetry and song, is as silent as Vidar himself regarding the children of his versatile genius. In fact, Kristofer Janson is, without the least exaggeration, an "ideal character." This tall, straight, muscular son of the north, with his broad forehead, his mild, honest eyes, heavy, flowing beard, broad shoulders and full chest, and his genial, social presence, has not only the hand with which to wield a poet's pen, but with which to grasp other men's hands, less graceful and more toil-worn than his own, in quick cordiality and warm human sympathy; not only a voice that can sing most exquisitely the old Norse ballads—weird melodies, requiring such peculiar expression in order to be effective—but a voice that thrills large audiences by the power of oratory as simple and unadorned as it is forceful. Music Hall in Boston once echoed this wonderful voice both in speech and song. The Boston press was loud in its praises, but the East could not keep it. Its tones and its owner's presence are, and may well be, the pride of Western musicians and literati to day.

Very flattering mention of Janson in connection with his book, "The Spell-Bound Fiddler," is made in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1881. This somewhat lengthy article appeared soon after his first visit to America, when it was thought he might possibly return and make his home among us. In it he is referred to, and truthfully so, as "one of the four Norwegian poets who enjoy a sort of official recognition from the government, being the recipient of a regular 'poet's salary' of about \$600." The three other poets thus favored were Bjornstjerne Bjornson, Henrik Ibsen and Jonas Lie. Bjornson has since visited America. His novels have been translated by Anderson and are now in circulation. Some of Ibsen's dramas have been translated. One play, "The Child Wife," was translated and adapted to the American stage by William M. Lawrence, of Milwaukee, and has been several times enacted in that city and in Chicago. Jonas Lie is known to us by means of Mrs. Ole Bull's translation of his story, "The Pilot and His Wife." But of these four Norwegian poets only one has lost his "poet's salary" by coming to live among Americans *in propria persona*; and that one, Kristofer Janson, would seem to have no reason for regretting the sacrifice.

As a hymn-writer Janson has been very successful, and Bjornson praises his peculiar faculty in that direction, adding, "I can see him (Kristofer Janson) sitting on his promontory without a hat, singing his hymns, as happy as a bird; and I must say that I think some of the hymns written by him are the best that have appeared in our language since the days of Grundtvig."

Janson no longer sings the hymns from a lone seat on a promontory in a far-off country, but often leads large congregations in the singing of his own deeply religious, buoyant, hopeful stanzas in the new home of his adoption, where

he finds wide companionship in the body of kindred spirits who represent freedom, fellowship and character. One of Janson's latest publications is a hymn-book in which thirty-three of his own hymns, numerous selections from Grundtvig, Wergeland, Bjornson, Hans Christian Andersen, and some from Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Mrs. S. F. Adams, Savanel, Longfellow, Whittier and Walt Whitman. This collection of poems can but have an uplifting and hope-inspiring effect on the Scandinavians to whom they become familiar; for their religious views, while sincerely held, and advocated even to the extent of martyrdom when circumstances require it, are associated with worn-out dogmas and superstitions that greatly retard their intellectual development as a people. Instead of lives made gloomy and depressing by the suggestions of mustily ancient and mentally unhealthy beliefs, the rising generation of Norwegians are beginning to heartily enjoy these soulful, cheerful hymns compiled by Janson into the new hymn-book called "Salmebog."

In Norway Kristofer Janson was at one time the "most prolific and conspicuous author and advocate of the new language which Ivar Aasen created out of the dialects, but, strangely enough, his most recent books are written in Danish, as though he had lost faith in the cause which he embraced with so much enthusiasm."

He really first became prominent because of the linguistic revolution which he sought to bring about. Mild-mannered and gentle though he be, it is a fact that Kristofer Janson is a natural innovator. All men of profound convictions, not exactly in harmony with existing conditions of society, must be innovators and sacrifice some popularity if they attempt to make practical illustrations of their theories.

The merits of the linguistic controversy led by Kristofer Janson were discussed in *The North American Review* for October, 1882, where may also be found a sketch of his life and literary activities, written by Prof. H. H. Boyesen. One of the disadvantages under which Janson labored in Norway was that of being dependent for his readers upon the very classes of society most opposed to his ideas. He aimed at the substitution of the peasant dialect for the Danish language, which was the vernacular among cultivated people. All his stories, dramas and poems were attempted demonstrations of the fitness of his theories. But those who read them were not in sympathy with him. The peasants, whose life he so faithfully portrayed, had not advanced far enough in literature to appreciate his works. What the dime novel is to America the wretched prints read by the peasants were in Norway, and it was almost useless for a writer like Janson to seek to reach them. He took an original way of so doing, however. He tried to educate his own public; established a school for peasant boys and girls; offered instruction for a merely nominal sum; sought to raise their standard of taste, and change the current of their lives without interfering with the habits of manual toil inseparable from their position as tillers of the ground. His teaching was severely democratic in principle, and somewhat after the Socratic method. Kristofer Janson and his friend Kristofer Bruun invested deeply in this enterprise, and others soon followed their laudable example. "People's high schools" multiplied and were established in all the most populous districts of Norway. The men who had charge of them were suspected of re-

publican and revolutionary designs. The government of Norway resolved to put a check upon them; but it seems that the conservatives, representing the government policy in the Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, finally entered into competition with them instead of persecuting them, and the result was country schools for peasant children without even the nominal tuition being exacted. So in middle life Janson, who had sunk nearly all he possessed in an unremunerated enterprise, which developed well, though not in strict accordance with his preconceived ideal, in which quality as well as quantity of teaching was considered, abandoned his cherished schemes and decided to work as a writer and preacher in the United States. "To break the bonds of ecclesiastical tyranny is the noble mission of the poet-preacher Kristofer Janson," writes one of his admirers. But Janson's mission in reality represents an interest much broader than any mere denominational work. For he "seeks to convert the large Scandinavian population of the United States to public schools, to American ideas, and to progressive culture."

Of course Mr. Janson, who is the pioneer Norwegian liberal preacher among his own countrymen in America, has met with decided opposition from the Scandinavian Lutherans. Congregations have been forbidden to attend any of his meetings in Minneapolis. He has been called a false prophet and all manner of alarming names. In spite of obstinate hostility, however, his missionary work goes steadily forward. His home is a hospitable one, and has been freely opened for social gatherings. His wife is a superior woman, and his family of little children has been likened to a "nest full of twittering ones"—snowbirds that he brought back with him the last time he crossed the sea.

The working men and women, tired mill-hands and day-laborers of Minneapolis have often assembled to hear the free recitals or readings from the Scandinavian classical writers which Janson, some time ago, announced for Monday evenings. Hans Christian Andersen, Bjornson and others may be well thankful that they have in this country such an interpreter, beneficently showering their treasures of thought in prose and poetry upon the toll-worn masses who gather in large numbers for such mental and spiritual refreshment once a week.

With each distinct nationality in the United States preserving and diffusing its own literature in this manner, while at the same time receiving the benefits of American literature as it develops in the New World, what a combination of intellectual forces are at work to-day forming, and destined to culminate in, some one master mind.

Kristofer Janson's first English sermon was preached in Madison, Wis. The little Jewish synagogue, which was occupied by the Unitarian denomination, was well filled with interested and admiring listeners, representing the best and most intelligent people in the city from different denominations, and some Norwegians. Among the latter, however, there were probably no Lutherans, for such would not have dared defy the priests by going to hear the apostate Janson, who, though educated to be an orthodox Christian, is a Unitarian of the Channing school. Like Bjornstjerne Bjornson, that "lover of liberty and progress," Kristofer Janson has been considered a most dangerous orator, and when about to speak to his countrymen in La Crosse, Wis., in 1883, the two Norwegian newspapers of that city refused to print the posters for his lecture, and the

work had to be done at a German printing office. The occasion was commented on in the following pithy manner:

"Have we a disciple of Arius in our midst, whose faith has survived the persecutions of the church of old and come down clarified by time and tribulation to the present day? And if we have, is it necessary to come as near using him as Calvin did Servetus as the pagan laws of a land which does not recognize God in its constitution will permit? Kristofer Janson, the famous Norwegian poet and orator, is the man who rests under the dire suspicion of being such a heretic. Whether because he is learned, eloquent, and liberal in the cause, or whether he has spread the seeds of schism among his compatriots, he is to be made to feel the holy heat of pious zeal and dogmatic opinion wherever he goes throughout this supposed-to-be free country."

In two years' time there has been a great change in the Norwegian public sentiment regarding Janson and Andersen. Both have suffered the most that they or their particular class of offenders ever will suffer from *odium theologicum* (the hatred of contending divines). And as for the free school system, there are many Norwegians who attempt to deny that there ever was any opposition to it, because so large a proportion of their people are thoroughly converted in that direction. Still, the facts remain and contradict such a position.

In January, 1884, Janson visited Chicago and read before his countrymen, who formed a large audience, his novel, "Wives, Submit Yourselves Unto Your Husbands" (which was translated by Auber Forestier, as was also what was at that time his new drama, "The Children of Hell").

On the day for which the reading was announced a Norwegian journal published a manifesto signed by five Lutheran ministers. It was headed, "Admonition to the Lutheran Church People," and, being printed in Norwegian, had to be translated before the general American public could know what grave charges were being brought against the distinguished foreigner who could command such wide notice. In the manifesto the people were informed that, in spite of Janson's audacious assertions, "St. Paul more than eighteen hundred years ago said that women ought to be subjected to their husbands in all things." This would seem to imply that Janson had expressed contrary views, but as to the facts of the case deponent knoweth not. It is, however, true that his reading of his own drama, "The Children of Hell," was very offensive, "because," reads the admonition, "it does not well agree to be a priest and a comedian at the same time." The career of Miln was cited as an illustration, and the "innocent Norwegians" were warned lest even on their death-bed they should be deceived by this priest, who felt himself "attracted to the stage and dramatic performances." The whole appeal was calculated to interest the readers in Mr. Janson rather than repel them, and the result was large and enthusiastic audiences, if the informers are reliable in their accounts.

Mr. Janson's missionary experiences on the Minnesota prairies are recounted by him in a very racy and readable kind of writing. One of the quaint topics of his sermons is: "When somebody slaps us on one ear shall we turn the other too?" Many of his English letters and sketches are full of delicate humor, and show that he possesses not only a symphony of literary talents, but that keen sense of the ludicrous which is of such aid in a philosophic view of life's inevitable misfortunes.

In describing a certain religious society in Minnesota

Janson uses the following language, giving us a condensed comedy: "The people there have reached so far in toleration that they have built a 'union church'; but now, when the church is finished they commence to quarrel about it. The Lutheran minister had called together a secret meeting, and intended to dedicate the church in their name as a Lutheran church, but the man who had the key was an Adventist, and when he got a scent of what was going on he locked the church, and neither the minister nor his sheep were allowed to enter the holy temple. Is not that a comedy?"

In July, 1883, the small Minnesota parish over which Mr. Janson was at that time presiding was visited by a cyclone. His personal loss was heavy both in money and manuscript. One hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks and all the literary work done since coming to America were swept away by the destroying blast. A newspaper writer was most felicitous in his choice of words when he said: "Genial, philosophical, mild-eyed, big-brained Janson has been afflicted. A considerable community here in Wisconsin feel for him as they would for a brother." The sympathy of Madisonians was practically manifested when a large audience attended the Janson benefit concert given by Mrs. A. A. Woodward soon after the cyclone misfortune, and this was not the only scheme inaugurated by that lady for the benefit of the poet-preacher. She offered through the medium of various Eastern and Western papers, in which notices were inserted, to devote to him the percentage of the proceeds of her translation of his book, "The Spell-Bound Fiddler." Silver quarters in the cyclone victim's pockets and a wider circulation of his story, of course, resulted from this well-managed scheme. But while he was a recipient of generous contributions from different parts of the country, amounting to more than \$1,000, the enemies of his cause in Minnesota were filling the Norwegian papers with long and eloquent articles written to show that the cyclone was providentially planned to destroy his half-finished church and thwart his harmful efforts. The tornado, it was claimed, was sent as a special punishment to Janson for preaching against the precious doctrine of everlasting hell-fire, which the majority of Norwegian Lutherans still believe in most strongly.

The cyclones, which have become so common in the Northwest during the last few years, have wrought pictures of desolation which it is impossible to even vaguely reproduce in print. Victor Hugo might have attempted to convey some idea of their ravages, and Jean Ingelow could do the scene a certain degree of justice. But there have been hours so full of turbulence and horror that the ordinary descriptive writers have laid down their pens in despair. The thought of anything like detailed accounts of these hurricanes has been considered too presumptuous an undertaking. Yet this "philosophical, mild-eyed, big-brained Janson," whom the violent tempest assailed in its fiercest mood, was not so self-distrustful of his powers but that he could repeatedly try to impress upon the minds of his absent friends the scenes indelibly stamped upon his own. His descriptive letter about the terrible tornado was written in a style so graphic as to attract considerable attention, and was widely copied in various Eastern and Western papers.

Were Mr. Janson a younger man he would be likely to do a kind of literary work that would give him a

prominent place among American men of letters in spite of his foreign nationality. As it is he may be considered in the light of a benefactor to his own countrymen. He is sowing in the paths of the working people seeds of poetry and song and truth. From them he will merit, and no doubt some time receive, wide tributes of gratitude and appreciation.

THE MINSTREL.

One winter night the heroes
Of old St. Olaf's creed,
After the ended battle,
Were passing 'round the mead;
And merry were these vikings—
They feasted loud and long;
And there the old king, smiling,
Asked one to sing a song.

Within that hall of timber
Were two good scalds sedate,
And both were looking at the king
When he gave his mandate.
The one was young and handsome,
The other's eye shot fire,
As, looking at his rival,
He grasped his knife with ire.

"Harald, sing thou," was the command;
"Sing thou, who can'st," said he.
"Sing something great of Norway,
Sing honor to the sea.
And if thou chance to please me,
And thus my heart allures
Away from all these worldly strifes,
This ring I hold is yours."

The minstrel sang and charmed them,
All thought of war was gone.
All in the hall were merry
Of that great host—but one—
He by the door was crouching—
A jealous scald was he:
For, if young Harald were but dead
The king's scald he would be.

An evil thought flashed o'er him,
And with a gleaming eye
He rushed into the crowded room
Resolved to kill or die.
And Harald saw the dagger raised,
Saw its aim was for his heart,
And in a moment of despair
Did through the window dart.

His strong opponent followed him—
O'er rock and rill ran they;
And the bright moon, encouraging,
Lit up fair Harald's way.
Harald was nigh exhausted
Though he was small and light,
His rival, strong and heavy
With armor keen bedight.

On, on they went, soon reaching
 A dangerous ravine:
 Should Harald try to clear it,
 Or face his rival keen?
 He knew not which, but muttered
 One fervent, heavenward sigh,
 Then looked up to his mother's cot
 And sprang—prepared to die.

Full eight feet was the distance
 Between the icy stones.
 A hundred feet below them
 A cataract leaps and foams,
 But Harald sprang and cleared it,
 He knew not how 'twas done,
 And when he reached the other side
 Prepared again to run.

No need was there of running—
 He heard but one shrill cry
 And saw his fearful rival
 Fall down the rocks—to die.
 All thought of hate had vanished,
 For 'twas St. Olaf's creed,
 As taught to all his followers,
 To help their foes in need.

And touched with love and pity
 He climbed far down; and lo,
 Scarce five feet from the water
 There lay his prostrate foe.
 His head was gashed and bleeding.
 Was he alive or dead?
 Our scald knew how to gather
 Coals on his rival's head.

With giant strength he lifted
 His foe upon his back,
 And at his own life's peril
 Retraced his dangerous track.
 The scald regained his senses,
 He shook brave Harald's hand,
 And these two friends were counted
 The best scalds in the land.

HENRIK STROM.

AN ARTIST FAMILY.

BY MARIE SALTER.

II.

Elizabeth Baumann was born in the year 1819 of German parents, near Warsaw. Her earliest recollections are connected with the Polish revolution of 1830, when she was sent away from her home to spend some years with an unmarried aunt at Danzig. This wayward child was not easily governed, and after vain efforts the old lady let her have her own way. So she often roamed about at great distances, being particularly fond of the ocean and of lying on the sandy beach watching it. She was in her thirteenth year when she

returned to Warsaw, and shortly after made a visit with her mother to a married sister in Ukraine, chiefly inhabited by Jews, whose oriental features and costumes impressed themselves upon her vivid imagination, and have been rendered in excellent pictures in later years.

After her return home her efforts at sketching were greatly admired by her friends, and she began to take portraits that were very acceptable to the sitters. It was therefore resolved that she should have a drawing teacher; but, her father being the proprietor of large estates, it was not until his financial circumstances were involved by political changes that the thought of making art a livelihood arose either with Elizabeth or her parents. As it was, she was allowed to go to Berlin, where she showed her sketches to Professor Hübner, the historical painter, who to her utter disappointment declared her void of all talent. Still there was a small voice within her that rebelled against this verdict, and by advice of her friends she proceeded to Düsseldorf, accompanied by a brother. Here she stayed three years, Professor Carl Sohn being her chief teacher; but it took some time before any promising progress was noticed.

Meanwhile she had severe experiences of different kinds, and made a visit home for a six month, when she found her native city under military rule, Russian troops from all quarters of the immense empire patrolling the streets. Persians and Circassians in their picturesque draperies were among them; and her father having always been loyal to the emperor, the officers were willing to have their pictures taken by his daughter.

In her "Reminiscences of Youth" Elizabeth describes the turning-point in her life as follows: She had returned to Düsseldorf in the autumn, had felt that she had lost much precious time under injudicious teachers, and one Sunday morning, when everybody else in the house was at church, she stood feverish and sad before her easel: "I had been standing thus long without knowing what I wanted; suddenly reminiscences from home came to me, there were many sad ones among them, and even those harmonized with my actual state of mind. I remembered the poor peasant woman, whom I had met fleeing from the country with one child on her arm, another holding to her gown, and the third, the oldest, walking alongside the miserable mother, who pressed her pale cheek to the ruddy little face of the baby,—the baby so unconscious, the mother so wretched, and the threatening storm in the sky! It was

soon after the revolution. And this picture became more and more vivid in my heart, and the heart taught me instinctively and tenderly to render the sad, patriotic tale, though with feeble means. The cartoon was done in a fortnight, but nobody had seen it yet; then I invited Professor Shadow (Director of the Academy) to come and pass judgment on my work. My heart beat violently; I could hardly breathe. Finally Shadow praised my work, but advised me to consult some capable colorist. I was deficient in color—which is now conceded to be my forte. I did so, and in six weeks my picture was finished. During this time it was as if scales fell from my eyes; I felt that art had become my mental property."

This picture was soon followed by another, a pendant to it, "A Polish Family Returning to their Cottage Burned Down by Russian Troopers." They are very different from the old romantic Düsseldorf style, and made her famous throughout Germany. One was bought by the Art Association in Berlin, and the other by Lord Landsdowne, in whose gallery at London it is found now. Thus she was provided with plenty of money and was able to satisfy her long-cherished wish to go to Italy at her own expense. She had now been seven years in Düsseldorf.

As long as she lived and traveled Elizabeth Baumann had the good fortune to be well introduced wherever she went. The Prussian court had addressed her to its Minister in Rome, who was a connoisseur of art; and in his carriage, and accompanied by him, she saw Rome and its environs. During four weeks she enjoyed art and Roman life. Then the summer heat drove her into the mountains. In Tivoli, Frascati, Ariccia, she reveled in the beauties of nature and the people's picturesque costumes and mode of living; then in September she returned to Rome and took up her abode in Thorvaldsen's old studio at Monte Pincio, boarding with the same family who had been his hosts, and there she fixed upon canvas her summer studies.

It was while her great picture, "Women by the Fountain in Ariccia,"—which soon spread her fame over Europe, and which is now found in Middleton Abbey (England), belonging to the Hombro family—was progressing that she first received a visit from the Danish sculptor whose name then stirred Rome. Jerichau admired her composition but found fault with her drawing—always her weak point—and he had a straightforward way of giving his opinion which irritated the young lady, already well used to flattery. Thus their acquaint-

ance began with a quarrel. We know how it ended.

Elizabeth Baumann did not marry her first love either. She tells us in her "Reminiscences" that while in Düsseldorf she had engaged herself to a painter of considerable merit, who had gone to Rome before her and died with fever soon after his arrival there.

As already stated, she went with her husband to Denmark next spring. For the future Denmark was to be her adopted country, but she spent much time abroad and returned in the fall to Rome, where she remained with her husband till revolution for a second time drove her from her home. She had then a sick child to take care of, and it was a great trial to her, a devoted mother, to lose the child apart from its father. She had at this time arrived in Denmark again.

The next year, 1849, Mrs. Jerichau exhibited for the first time in Copenhagen; but not till later, and after she had painted some very beautiful and characteristic scenes of Danish national life, did she become a favorite with the Danish public. It is wonderful with what facility she identifies herself with the different nationalities among whom the vicissitudes of her life caused her to settle. It grieved her to be a stranger in her husband's native land (it will be remembered he had work in Rome which he could not leave till the year after her arrival in Denmark), and for some years she devoted her studies entirely to Danish life and nature. During this time of comparative obscurity and isolation she found a good friend in our eminent actress Louise Hejberg, whose portrait she painted. Another celebrated woman whose portrait she then painted was Frederica Bremer. Ole Bull and H. C. Andersen were painted by her in this same period.

In the year 1850 she painted "Denmark," represented as a beautiful, strong woman in national costume, carrying the Danish flag through ripe acres. It is a figure of life size, rich and powerful. This picture was the first that attracted general attention to the foreign artist among us, and it has quite a story. It was bought by a Danish resident of England, and many years later one of our art-loving citizens got his wife in England (she was the daughter of the owner of "Denmark"). So the picture returned to its native soil and is found now at Carlsberg, near Copenhagen, the home of the present owner, Captain Jacobsen.

And now Mrs. Jerichau hardly ever missed any yearly exhibition in Copenhagen without showing us something new, generally something very good.

There is the "Danish Peasant Girl Reading the Bible," the "Shepherd Boy in the Grassfield" (he is fallen asleep with his dog among the sheep; the light and perspective are wonderful), and the "Wounded Soldier," whose sweetheart is reading to him. These are pictures that every Dane could enjoy. She excelled in pictures of children, and has painted her own and the children of others in all the odd positions of the nursery.

She also tried to grasp Northern history and mythology, and has painted "Marshal Stig's Daughters" and the "Mermaid." This last was exhibited in 1862 in Paris and was very highly spoken of in *Revue des deux Mondes*. She has repeated it several times and one copy is found at Carlsberg. It is an exquisite womanly body, the lower part of which is barely visible through the water, the upper part illuminated by the light of the moon, while the face is in the shade. Her mastery of color is striking, but the outlines are also very pleasing here.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jerichau had painted the Queen's picture in 1852, and was charged by Caroline Amelia to take it to England as a present from her to Queen Victoria. She was graciously received. Queen Victoria allowed her to exhibit her pictures in Buckingham Palace, and bought her "Icelandic Maiden." This is a picture which has been repeated several times with various modifications and different names. The *Times* praised her pictures, the Englishmen bought them, and for many years Mrs. Jerichau missed no spring exhibition in London.

The following year she exhibited her famous picture, "Home Devotion," which won her the Thorvaldsen medal, and Louis Napoleon paid 10,000 francs for it. The same subject she has conceived in different ways, and one of them is found in Canterbury Hall in London.

In the year 1861 Mrs. Jerichau became a member of the Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen, and next year she painted Frederick VII. This portrait is said to be the best ever made of King Frederick, who gave it to Sir Morton Peto. It was painted at the King's country seat, Skodsborg. He is represented out of doors with helmet and mantle, and the bay in the background.

Mrs. Jerichau was remarkably successful with her portraits. They were not only good likenesses but were conceived in a truly artistic and characteristic manner. It would be impossible to mention them all. Some of those most universally known have already been named, besides she has painted the Princess of Wales at eight different

times of her life, the King of Greece, the Empress of Russia and many other crowned heads,—her husband nine times and herself several times.

It was in the year 1868 that the "Wounded Soldier" was exhibited in Copenhagen; this picture, at a time when we were smarting after the last unfortunate war, endeared the artist particularly to our people, and it was bought for the National Museum at Christiansborg, and is now, with many other treasures of art stored away after the fire, waiting for new buildings. I think it was about the same time that one of her masterpieces, "The Shipwreck," won her the gold medal at Berlin.

It was in the fall of 1869 that she set out for her first oriental tour, visited Constantinople, where the Russian minister, Ignatieff, and his wife made it the fashion to visit her studios, and where according to her own expression "she had the satisfaction to be the first European painter (and she doubts that there ever were oriental painters) who penetrated into a harem, or transfixed its inmates to canvas." During the winter she pushed as far as Cairo.

Next winter she spent in St. Petersburg, where eighteen of her pictures were exhibited at the Academy, and where she made several portraits of the imperial family. Next she is in Rome again, always traveling, always working, and for a wonder between times raising a large family. In the year 1874 she started on her second oriental tour, accompanied by her son Harald, the painter. Many beautiful pictures were the result of this journey. She has painted upward of three hundred pictures altogether; most of them are found abroad. Among the comparatively few which the writer has seen, the following have impressed themselves by the different tone of coloring as well as the beauty of the subject: There is "Denmark," "The Mermaid," an "Italian Woman with her Child," an "Egyptian Woman Taming a Dove." It seems as if the atmosphere of the different latitudes are rendered here with fine perception.

Thus Mrs. Jerichau was preëminently a painter, and most frequently gave expression to her ideas with her brush. But she was a genius in whatever she undertook, and it is no doubt true, as one of her biographers suggests, that if it had become impossible to her to paint she might have been able to acquire name and distinction in other branches of art. She was skillful in music, had a fine voice, and it was a treat to hear her sing the popular songs of her own or other countries. She was no mean actress, which she often proved to

the benefit of the poor and suffering. She would dance a saltarello as well as any Italian woman, even as late as their silver wedding, when she and her husband treated their guests with this performance. She had a wonderful talent for acquiring foreign languages, in eight of which she could make herself understood, and some of these were oriental languages. The language of her adopted country she so completely mastered that she has taken place even among Danish authors.

In the year 1874 appeared her "*Reminiscences of her Youth*"; 1879, "*Reminiscences of Harald Jerichau*," and lastly, "*Variegated Pictures of My Travels*." If other countries (Poland, Germany) may claim her as a painter, as an author she is a Dane.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Jerichau was possessed of great energy; her life's work proves it, but she was also possessed of a cheerful disposition, and was in this respect a great contrast to her husband. Perhaps it would have been better for both if they had not married; he needed a domestic wife, who could make home sweet and peaceful, and hers was a restless nature, that could not make home attractive. She worked much and earned a great deal, but her wants were many—his so few.

Still she loved her husband passionately, and was a fond mother; and as much is forgiven those who love much she certainly ought to be forgiven.

She died in Copenhagen in the fall of 1881, and her husband was with her then. They are buried in the same grave at Frederiksberg, and one monument marks the place; it is adorned by Jerichau's "*Angel of Peace*."

III.

If Jerichau, at the time when his heartaches disturbed his sleep and that of his friend, had been allowed to lift the veil of the future, he might have proposed to his lady-love without scruples, for he and his wife were the parents of no less than nine children. Two of them died in infancy, but seven are living now. The eldest son, Thorald, became a musician, and is an organist in Horsens (Jutland); the youngest son, Holger, is a painter, and had last spring seven pictures at the yearly exhibition. Two daughters are married, one to a Danish officer in Persian service, another to a Danish nobleman, and—alas!—two daughters are in our insane asylums. There remains to be mentioned Harald, the famous painter.

Harald Jerichau was born in August, 1852,

and was greeted by the parents as an angel of peace. His life was threatened next year by the cholera-morbus, then ravaging Copenhagen, and the mother fled with him to friends in Jutland. She tells us how the child even at that tender age took notice of "the pretty moon." She has painted him again and again. When the boy was ten years old it became evident to his father that he was an artist born, and he then committed the educational error to take him out of school, designing to take him to Rome with him. This was, so she tells us, greatly against his mother's better judgment; the going to Rome came to naught, and the boy ran wild, fishing, hunting and gardening instead of learning his first lessons. At last a tutor was engaged to take care of the boys generally, and before going to Rome Jerichau gave Harald in charge of T. C. Lund, the painter, to prepare him for the Academy. In the course of drawing with Nielsen, the architect, he "did in six weeks what is generally done in six months," and he entered the perspective class of the Academy in 1868.

About this time he accompanied his mother and his sister on a visit to an aunt in Schlessian, and young as he was (sixteen years) he met his fate here in the shape of a cousin of his own age. From that time Harald was a man and painted zealously with his mother and with Rasmussen Eilertsen.

When it was finally decided that he should go to Rome, he stopped on the way some months at his uncle's in Schlessian, waiting there for his mother to join him. The parents, who had no idea of the impression his cousin Mary had left upon his young heart, thought it best for him to stay with his uncle, who was an able educator, and with whom he could make amends for his lost school time. Before he left for Rome he had secretly engaged himself to Mary, being then seventeen years old.

At Rome he became a pupil to Benonville, who told his mother that Harald had a great future before him. She stayed six months with him and had then to leave him, but he had told her his secret, and she was hopeful that his love for his cousin would be his safeguard. Like Jacob he now worked seven years faithfully before he could marry his Rachel.

He remained a year in Rome, then he visited Constantinople and Athens, where he was the guest of the Danish King of the Greeks. He painted many pictures for King George, and different views of Athens and acropolis for the King

of Denmark. It sounds like a fairy tale how this boy of eighteen is suddenly ripened into manhood; this youth of neglected schooling moving easily in foreign countries among people of all stations. He had inherited his mother's convivial virtues, and he had a will power which, now that magic love moved its springs, was aiming at the greatest and best only. From Athens he went to Paris. "Mother," he writes, "do you know, mother, that without the image of Mary in my heart I should have gone to the dogs in this modern Sodom and Gomorrah?" He spent six months there alone, and perhaps not many young men of twenty have left that city of pleasures as undefiled as Harald Jerichau.

That year one of his Grecian pictures had been exhibited at the Salon, and had been greatly praised in Paris. In 1872 he was again at Constantinople, and started from there on his first tour to Asia Minor. Dr. Hirschfeldt, the leader of the Olympian excavations, was his fellow traveler, and they visited together Ephesus, Rhodes and Athos. Then he went to Paris again to finish his pictures there; he valued the technics which the French could teach him.

It has already been mentioned that he and his mother made another tour to the East in the year 1874. The Scandinavian Consul at Smyrna made it possible for Harald to penetrate so far into the desert as he did, and he fetched new sketches to his famous picture, "Temple Ruins near Sardis." As far as is known no other artist had ever penetrated so far eastward.

Harald now prepared a home for his bride in Constantinople, and they were married there in 1875. His and his mother's studios became fashionable resorts for the aristocracy, and pashas and sheiks bought their pictures. Before his mother left their first child was born, and, alas! buried soon after, and in the summer of 1876 the political disturbances drove the young couple from their beautiful home, and they joined their artist mother at Naples, visited Capri, and, returning to Sorrento in the month of October, the young wife, who then expected soon again to become a mother, took cold on the passage, took the fever and died in a few days at Rome. Mrs. Jerichau was at Copenhagen at the time, but on receiving a telegram, she started for Rome by express train. On arriving she "thought to see an old man," and not her son Harald of twenty-six years. He was completely broken down. "I cannot bear it, mother; you must not grieve if you hear of my death," he said, with thoughts of suicide in

his mind. But his friends sent him orders for pictures, and his mother did not leave him; surely work and love were what he most needed in his great bereavement. They settled in Rome, fixing up the old studios of his parents. Here he worked for six weeks with the greatest assiduity at his large picture from Sardis; grief was subdued, not conquered; he had to go to bed, and the physicians forbade him to paint. The month of March was approaching, the twentieth was their wedding-day. "I must be with Mary that day, mother," said he, and his friends dreaded that he meant death. When the day came he was sick in bed; still, with feverish hands, he made a wreath, which he sent to the grave of his beloved. Week after week passed and the physicians could not tell whether it would be life or death. At last he recovered so far that he could go with his mother to the sea-shore. It was at Porte d'Anzio, where Mrs. Jerichau painted one of her largest and best pictures, "Italian Fishermen at Sea," and she tried to divert him in young company with fishing and hunting, sports which always had been his delights. But he remained inaccessible to diversion of any kind, and "walked about like a somnambulist." His mother writes: "My large picture represents the stern of a paranza, the crew is busy with sorting the fish on deck. I had begun it in hopes gradually to coax Harald to work again by assisting me; but I only succeeded so far as he saw I could not get along without him. Thus he rowed me out on the sea to take studies of the paranza while the waves rocked the boat; he assisted in moving the large picture, and he helped to paint the fishes that lay in the scorching sun, and by changing life with death would soon change color also; meanwhile a boy was constantly employed with pouring them over with cold water. Thus we sat side by side, and he would paint the flying-fish while I painted the torpedo, etc., and I rejoiced, whenever I got him interested in anything, to have him live and not abandon himself to the withering sorrow that wrung his heart and made him look like an old man." "Do not you see, mother," he would say, "I am good for nothing? I cannot sleep, nor eat and drink like others; I cannot even enjoy the beauties of art and nature, and I lack the power to man myself. I ought to die."

At last he tore himself away; he must to Naples, to Mimmy's grave, and he would have nobody go with him. Strange to tell, he came back in better health and spirit. There stood his large picture unfinished on the easel. He now

resumed his work, and mother and son had again a delightful time together in Rome. Before long the picture from Sardis was finished, then one from Sorrento, another from Capri, one from Constantinople: he was indefatigable. He would go hunting with his friends; this sport was his passion still, and it became his bane. Apparently a trifle, an insufficient covering of the head, leaving the neck more exposed than usual, caused his last illness; being slightly sunstruck he had to go to bed again, lingering for a month, and died on the 1st of March, 1878.

Meanwhile his picture from the plains of Sardis was exhibited at the Piazza del Popolo, and artists and connoisseurs admired and studied the work of the young artist, who was of so childlike and unpretending a disposition that when his mother told him of their admiration, and particularly repeated to him the favorable judgment of Professor Le Nephew, the director of the French Academy, he exclaimed, "That will do, mother; I am afraid they are making fun of me." The picture was afterward exhibited at Paris, and was judged to be the most considerable work of landscape-painting of our days. It was bought by Captain Jacobsen, who made a gift of it to the gallery of Christiansborg, and there, like all the rest of the pictures of that gallery, it was threatened by the late fire, but is now stored away at Charlottenburg.

It was a stately procession which in the first week of March wound its way to the Cestus Pyramid, where they buried the remains of Harald. Many were the foreign artists of distinction who did him the last honor. The Danish painter Bridal wrote a song that was sung by his grave. A poetic incident occurred during his illness: while raving with fever he would sing with a clear voice, "Der er et Yndigt Land," one of our national songs.

It is his mother who tells us about his life and early death; no wonder she makes the reader love him, and no doubt he deserves it. His love of Mary and of his art were passions likely to carry him through his short career pure like an angel. His portraits painted by his mother, and said to be very true, show us a manly and honest face.

PROFESSOR SOPHUS LIE, of Christiania, has formally accepted an offered place as Professor of Geometry at the University of Leipsic. Some few years ago it was alleged that merely political tendencies induced the Storting to vote to Professor Lie a salary at the University of Christiania.

THE LIFE CONVICT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF JONAS LIE BY
JAMES LANGLAND.

II.

It is in certain respects not a bad thing that the one who has suffered evil and has been neglected in his earliest childhood cannot remember it, and yet perhaps it has its influence upon him.

Anyway, Madam Holman insisted that such was the case. From the first day of the boy's arrival in the house she noticed, and could, in fact, plainly see, that he had been brought up in a thieves' den. His eyes were so cunning and sharp, and he could be so crafty and obstinate long before he could talk. She insisted that he was perfectly malicious. He was so drowsy and quiet until he fell asleep, but then he could begin to scream as loudly as a watchman.

Every one who knew anything about the blockmaker's family perceived that if they had not been fortunate in getting the boy, at all events the boy had been lucky in having found his way to them. As to what a decent and severely just woman the blockmaker's wife was there could be but one opinion. Tall, thin and neat in all her ways, the little liver-brown face, with the grayish-blue, expressionless eyes, would indicate to any one that she was not a person that would allow herself to be carried away by thoughtless impulse.

And on the two or three occasions during the year when Barbro visited the boy—she could not get away very easily now when the Wejergangs lived all the year at their country place—she could herself see how well he was cared for, how clean he was kept and how strictly he was managed. From the time she came until she went she was told how difficult it was to rectify all the faults and evils he had acquired at the tinsmith's, and that which had been wrong from the start, particularly with one of his obstinate spirit. He could now actually walk quite a distance, but he crawled and would crawl only. And he went so fast that no sooner did she take her eyes off him before he was both hither and thither, now among the pots and crockery, and now in the waterpail, or else he was meddling with the iron weights in the clock. Wherever he went he pulled down and upset everything and soiled himself. So now she had hung the birch rod low down on the wall, so he would always have it before his eyes, for he must be imbued with a sufficient amount of fear, while watchfulness and punishment were indeed necessary. And Barbro herself must know that

it was not very easy to care for the children of others, and especially for such a stray one who had been born under such circumstances.

Barbro was obliged to acknowledge that what she said was just, however severe and cutting it seemed, and she always found it convenient to hurry away again.

She, too, took a lesson from what she, on her part, had to say to Madam Wejergang about her exertions for the two little ones when some trouble arose.

The same spirit of disobedience continued during the entire growth of the boy. It was impossible to drive it out of him, no matter how hard the blockmaker's wife worked, even with the occasional help of the blockmaker himself. The latter did not interfere, however, until she had duly impressed upon him the moral necessity of assuming his share of the household duties.

The blockmaker was a silent man, with quiet, bright eyes. He came and went morning and evening, wiped his shoes and brushed his clothes as he stood hesitating at the door with some tool or a pulley-block in his hand, before he went in. What he thought about his married life there was little opportunity to perceive outwardly. One thing was certain—a wife like Madam Holman was a treasure that could not be too highly esteemed, and if there was not much left of Holman, if, to speak with respect, he became something like a mere speck, every one understood that it was necessary in the marriage, if the equilibrium was to be preserved. He who had but seen and talked with Madam Holman once understood it immediately; but what, in fact, was less well understood was that he, after all, was the one who manufactured the blocks and pulleys down at the workshop, by which the family was supported.

So much the more remarkable was it that he was occasionally met at the gate in a state of irresponsibility, such as no one would have looked for in a man so happily married.

After the wonderful thing had happened that a little girl was born to the madam herself—after this great and radical change in the household—the question came up for consideration if it would not be best to clear the house of a stranger's child. Still, the money was sure, and in time she could use the boy at the cradle.

This was the easiest work in the world. It was just as if purposely made for a little boy—to sit and rock the cradle. It was only a little diversion for him.

But here, too, she was to make sad discoveries. He was at the cradle when she went out, but when she came home he stood looking out of the window, or he was high up on the basement stairs watching the children playing in the yard. Yes, she even caught him outside with the door open behind him; everything was the same to him if he could only get up out of the basement away from his duty.

Well, Master Nicholas had to answer for it—as much as his sinful back could endure.

She assured the servant girl up stairs who put her head out of the window to inquire what the little wretch had done again, since he cried so loudly, that no matter how she punished him, or how often she locked him up without his supper, it was useless; he was just as obstinate and untrustworthy as ever.

Now she frightened him by making him believe that the evil one sat in the corner behind the bed, watching to see if he left the cradle.

He was almost wild with terror, and constantly thought he saw that uncomfortable fiend put his head up over the madam's pillow. Now and then he could not help looking toward the window. Some one was playing outside and in some way he was soon standing there until he again remembered what was behind him. Then he returned like an arrow and sat staring into the corner, almost frightened to death.

From being useful at the cradle, Nicholas as the years went by advanced to taking care of their daughter Ursilla outside the basement entrance. To go a step farther or to the trees on the other side of the street would have been a foolhardy proceeding. The result of his going across the line was powerfully impressed upon him. How else could she feel sure that he would not let Silla go all the way to the reservoir around the fountain where all those unmannerly boys played with ships and shouted noisily? His sinful body had received so many yellow and blue stripes each time he yielded to temptation that the line finally appeared to his frightened imagination like an invisible iron fence. A step outside seemed to him like the blackest crime—a misdeed that would bring upon him the most frightful retribution.

That Silla was an uncommon, extraordinary being, and, so to speak, of a higher type than himself, had been brought to his knowledge in so many different ways that he considered the proposition beyond all dispute.

In spite of everything which he had to endure for her, through a wonderful paradox, perhaps

just on account of the sacrifices he had made, the feeling that she was under his care was most highly developed. He admired her unreservedly; with a blue ribbon and an old red cloth rose on her hat she seemed to him more than remarkable, and he submitted to a will which was as despotic as that of the blockmaker's wife. When he had sat long enough and allowed her to throw his hair full of sand she demanded that he should pull off her shoes and stockings. If he obeyed he received a beating; if he didn't do it she screamed, and then he received a beating too.

Uncertainty was, as it were, the foundation of his life, and the hasty, shy glance which he habitually cast toward the basement door, even when his guilty conscience was the clearest, was the result of his daily experiences.

His bad conscience could be seen from without and at a long distance, said the madam. And it was true. Was not the hurried, searching, upward glance of the gray eyes to see what sins he had again committed?

"Good neighbors, and so forth." It is said in our time, however, we have no neighbors. In the same house it is not known who lives on the story above, or that below, or even right across the hall. So it happened that no one in the house listened particularly to Nicholas' various tribulations down there in the basement, though they were indicated loudly enough during his punishment.

They had accustomed themselves to the never-ending shrieks and howls of the bad boy just as people can accustom themselves to the practicing on pianos, or the rumble of a factory, and probably they comforted themselves with the idea that it was quite fortunate that such a morally depraved child was receiving just punishment and a righteous training.

When Nicholas and Silla were on the sidewalk in front of the basement the people of the house in passing would give the little girl a kindly nod; to have cheered Nicholas in any such way would have been an error.

Mary, the cook, who had come to the story above on the last moving day, had of course no idea of the austere and righteous character of the blockmaker's wife, so she was excusable for what occurred.

She went down into the cellar with a lantern one evening for coal and wood, blowing and breathing laboriously on the stairway, as usual. She was stiff in both hips from rheumatism and swung from side to side like a boat-mast in bad weather.

From the wood-bin she suddenly heard what

sounded like a groan in the darkness within. Some one seemed to sob and cry and once in awhile hiccupped as if unable to make a noise. The voice sounded so utterly despairing that she stopped picking up wood and stood near the chopping-block, listening. It seemed to come from one of the coal-bins in the dark hall. Finally she seized the lantern and felt her way in. The mystery must be cleared up.

"Who is here?" she called at the door of the room where she heard the sobbing.

At once there was complete silence.

She pounded loudly on the door with a piece of wood, when she heard such a whine of fright inside that she tore open the latch, which was fastened only with a stick.

"Who has put the poor little boy in here, in the coal-black darkness?"

Nicholas, wild with fright, stared at her in the lantern light.

"I thought it was the evil one himself. He pounds on the wall, he does."

"You frighten people out of their wits, boy, with your ugly talk."

"The madam says so," and with a quick, searching glance at Mary, he added, "but do you think she says it only because I shall not touch her sugar?"

"Oh, is that the reason why you are here?"

"I have not taken anything from her, but she says I take it whether I do or not. It is because last Monday I put my tongue into the bag and tasted and she said I took half a pound. But now I shall steal so that only the empty bag will be left. I shall!" and he ground his teeth. "Don't, don't go!" he stammered, and seized hold of her dress; "because when its dark he comes and puts his claws in me."

There was no help for it; she could not leave the poor, frightened fellow in the coal-bin. And shutting her eyes to the consequences of her purpose, she exclaimed:

"Then you will have to follow me up in the kitchen and sleep on the bench to-night."

This time Nicholas did not consider the probabilities as to what the blockmaker's wife might say or do; he simply took a firmer hold of Mary's dress. And with the boy close behind in her wake she wobbled up the kitchen stairs.

While she gathered up some of her old kerchiefs and skirts and took sheets off her own bed to make it as warm and comfortable on the bench as she could, Nicholas seemed to have forgotten all his troubles.

There were so many strange things up here!

There were so many bright tin utensils hanging on the wall, and then, too, the cat was an old friend. He had often seen it down in the yard, and he must get hold of it, however far it crept under the bedstead.

So now! He pushed down the tin-kettle with his back.

He ran frightened to the door, but Mary picked it up quietly, without a word of scolding, which surprised him even more than the tinware and the cat.

Mary had finally fallen asleep after a struggle with the aches and pains of rheumatism from which she always suffered early in the night. She was awakened by a wild shriek.

"What is it, what is it, Nicholas?"

She lighted the stump of a candle, and there he sat, bolt upright, defending himself with his arms.

"I thought they were going to take my head off," he explained, when at length he recovered his senses.

When she laid down again Mary reflected how fortunate it was that she had no child to answer for. Each must have his own trouble and she had the rheumatism.

She had a hard time of it the next morning when Madam Holman, on the kitchen stairs, in the presence of the servant girls both across the hall and in the second story, held her to strictest account for having meddled with what did not concern her. Mary received such a righteous explanation once for all why the madam had locked him up, and how much she had to go through every day for the boy, that she was quite speechless. If Madam Holman could stake her life upon anything it was that if anybody in the house was unable to endure disorder and disgraceful behavior it was she. She would not hesitate at anything to prevent it being said of her that she permitted shame and wickedness under her very eyes.

When in the evenings Mary sat with the lantern on the chopping-block down there, and could hear the boy's piercing cries all the way from the blockmaker's, it seemed as though she could not go up until the worst was over. She thought she had never heard anything so heartrending, even though it was for the sake of justice.

Mary's kitchen was to him a sort of harbor of refuge. There he sat as quiet as a mouse in the corner, near the wood-box, and cut out boats, which he carried in his bosom under the blouse when he went with the dinner pail to the factory near the docks.

To imagine, however, that Nicholas' existence was confined to the coal-bin, or to blows on the back and ears from Madam Holman's warm hands, would be an exaggeration. He had his bright periods when Madam Holman overflowed with praises, if not precisely of him, still of all that she had accomplished for his moral improvement.

This was on the two occasions in the year when she was to receive pay for him at the office of the consul-general. Nicholas then usually received permission to accompany her out to the country place in the market wagon. And there he sat while the wagon rumbled and rattled along. He was dressed up, combed, and clean as a copper-kettle scoured with sand and lye. He could never sit still a moment; he talked and asked questions always about the wonderful brown horse; if it was the best, or the next best; if it could overtake the cars, or whom, or what it could overtake.

Then the wagon soon turned into the yard before the kitchen door and he was led by a servant through the hall to the nursery.

"Have you wiped your feet well? You should have had better sense, Lars, than to have brought him in that way with his dirty shoes."

His mother took and seated him on a chair. Then he got bread and butter, cakes and milk. But he must wait till she returned, because to-day she was busy washing Lizzie's and Ludvig's clothing.

The two children named, who were his equal in age, came rushing in, the one drawing a large bridled toy horse behind him, and the other carrying two large and beautifully dressed dolls. They had been sent in by the lady to play with Nicholas. And soon they were racing around the nursery, Nicholas drawing and Ludvig riding.

At last Nicholas, too, wanted to ride, as he had been pulling so long. Ludvig would not get off, and so Nicholas, throwing the bridle away, with one of his feet tipped him off the horse.

"You ragged boy, how dare you?"

"Ragged boy? Ragged boy yourself!" It resulted in a tussel up in the bed, behind which Ludvig barricaded himself and screamed, assisted by his sister.

"What is it, what is it, children?" said Barbro, as she hurried in. "Are you not ashamed, Nicholas, to behave so to the consul-general's children? You better try it again, if you dare! There, Ludvig; there, there, Lizzie! Never mind, he won't hurt you. Do you hear, Nicholas? you must do just what they want you to."

And so Barbro had to sigh over Ludvig's collar, which had been crumpled. "Come, come my darling boy, and you shall play again right away."

She took him up in her lap. "Yes; it is my own dear boy who is so good. Hold his coat, Nicholas. Here you shall see one who is so nice that he shines, and is so good, so good!"

"Show him my Sunday clothes, Barbro, and the embroidered ones." So Nicholas obtained leave to look into the dressing-case and see all of Ludvig's and Lizzie's dresses, scarfs and fine underclothing. He was also permitted to look into their box of playthings, and wondered at the old drums and trumpets, and dead, headless men and horses, tin soldiers and Noah's arks with all their belongings, all of which Barbro said they had received because they had been so good.

There was a great pile of them in the box, so that Nicholas understood they must have been very good indeed, and with bitter disappointment felt that his mother, too, must be very proud of them. They must be a different kind of children from himself that they always deserved playthings and never a whipping. He became quite sad and discontented as he stood there. If he ever met that Ludvig anywhere he would fix him for that affair with the horse.

Finally the hour of departure came when he should ride in the carriage which at 3 o'clock brought the consul-general back from the city. The two children clung to his mother's skirts as she followed him out.

"Good-by, Nicholas," said she, as she patted him on his cheek and hair so that he looked half doubtfully up at her, "and give my regards to the blockmaker and Madam Holman. Do you hear? Don't forget Madam Holman, and sit quietly the whole way, Nicholas. Don't you know that the cushions must not be touched with the boots? You should only see when Ludvig and Lizzie go out riding how nicely they sit. Isn't that so, my dears?"

And away he went.

It had been a holiday, and he had been given a large sugared cake to take with him, which tasted deliciously; nevertheless on the way home he suddenly began to cry.

The day after he received complete proof of what a good time he had had. While he was walking up and down the sidewalk in his daily occupation of looking after Silla he heard portions of Madam Holman's conversation with the housekeeper in the story above. Her tall form was never for a moment out of his sight.

"Yes, you may say so, Miss Damm. Take him into the house to their own children! There are not many aristocratic people who would thus honor such a one."

"One has to do so many things in this world, Miss Damm! We have to scour the gutter plank as they say—and I dare say he knew beforehand that he was properly fixed up within and without."

"Such an honor! As though he was some other honest child which they had invited to company. He should remember it his whole life."

"As large and fine as he is, I guess she has no desire to come out here and acknowledge the boy. No matter for the one who can buy off shame!"

Nicholas stamped with all his might upon an old decapitated rooster's head which lay in the gutter until it was flat as a shilling.

When she could no longer frighten him with the monster in the coal-cellar, or the fiend behind the bed, Madam Holman's most effectual threat was to send him to school—an institution which to her imagination seemed like a publicly-authorized house of correction for the youth and a place where they were daily and rigorously taught their duty.

He never obtained any clear notion of what would happen when he was sent to school, but that it was something quite terrible he gathered from Madam Holman's dark hints and the mysterious sighs and nods with which she accompanied them.

One day the matter was settled. The next Monday morning he was to go to school.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—he numbered them on his fingers—so many days remained. How carefully he watched and played with Silla, and how he flew on his errands like an arrow!

Finally only this one Sunday afternoon was left. He sat in the back yard with Silla and tried to get comfort out of her opinions about school; he heard that he was to have his Sunday clothes on because it was the first time, and slept that night with the perspiration rolling off his forehead.

In the morning, however, Nicholas had stolen away.

No matter how carefully Madam Holman inquired and searched, nor how loudly she called out, promising both punishments and reward in liberal quantities if he would only return at once, it was useless; he had disappeared.

Just after noon Mary upstairs was surprised to see him crawl out from beneath her bedstead. She fed him and made him promise her to go home. Nicholas said he would, but not before it was dark.

In the twilight he took a trip down to the docks, spent an hour rocking himself in a boat, stole in the wet October darkness through the narrow, dripping lanes between the warehouses until he was sure there was no longer any light in the lumber-yard opposite the Holman's house and then passed the rest of the evening in peeping over the planks at the light in the basement windows at home. He saw how the blockmaker came carefully sneaking along and stood outside the door a while before he went in, and how they put Silla to bed. The light from the windows, like two lusterless, pitiless eyes, seemed to tell him that if he went home now the room would be full of righteously-deserved punishment.

Along in the night the light of a lantern shone through the misty rain, gliding about among the wet lumber piles, while behind it peered a pair of eyes which had a sort of habit of looking through the darkness for all manner of people who found it necessary to lodge temporarily in the yard. The lantern wandered about through the narrow passages, now and then stopping as it threw its ruddy, penetrating light as far as possible into the lumber piles.

No one was discovered that night. Among the many rectangular spaces which could afford lodging Nicholas, with a kind of natural instinct, had selected the nearest and least suspicious,—one which was half built and had a walking plank laid transversely over it. There he lay, crowded into the farthest corner, fast asleep, in blessed unconsciousness of school and Madam Holman, with his jacket over his neck to protect it from the dripping rain, and with his boots down in the wet clay.

But this night, under a wet sky, with Throndsen's planks as his bedstead, something strange entered his soul; a feeling which, in view of Madam Holman's watchful care, was certainly inexplicable—that the lumber yards were his proper home—a certain consciousness of wild independence in relation to every situation in which he was subsequently placed, the school no less than Holman's basement. The lumber piles on fine days looked so clean and white, and when darkness fell they stood there like oft-tried secret friends who could save him from that which was terrible at home.

He went to school, and one of his first modest searching glances was for the whipping-post with which Madam Holman had threatened him. He had imagined that blow followed blow, with rattan and birch continually pounding, just as in the chicory factory on the square.

Remarkably enough, such a whipping-post was not to be found. At the same time there were other things into which he was to be crowded and pushed like a last into a boot; and he was a hard last, who often refused to go in. So he had to be hammered and pounded, where others slipped in as smoothly as eels.

There were things which he understood and things which he did not understand. The former were seldom explained to him and the latter he never understood, no matter how often they were explained; and the result was a painful self-consciousness, a difference or shortcoming, both in relation to teachers and lessons, which had to be evened up by whippings and staying after school, where others, craftier in this particular also, helped themselves out of the dilemma like genuine virtuosos.

But what was even a day at school, filled to the brim with troubles, compared to the long, tedious, and endless hours in the evening when Madam Holman "personally saw that he learned his lessons," and when he scarcely dared to glance toward Silla?

So far as Holman himself was concerned, experience had taught them that his hard, staring eyes saw nothing as he sat dumb and quiet during the evening. In Madam Selvig's saloon he found the means which made him insensible even to the profoundest and sharpest moral lectures. There he was found every evening a quarter of an hour after the day's work was ended, as precisely as the stroke of the clock, and at eight o'clock, just as precisely, he started homeward. This promptness, by the way, caused him to be nicknamed in the saloon the "Order General."

[To be continued.]

THE LEGEND OF EYRY-CLIFF.

A STORY OF NORWAY.

BY T. G. LA MOILLE.

The rising sun reveals a long tongue of steel-blue water reaching from the tossing white caps of the waves of the North Sea into the land for several miles, between gray walls of rocks. Sailing up this *fjord* are three quaint-looking vessels. At bow and stern they rise above amidships. They are swiftly urged forward by strained white sails, embroidered with golden dragons, and from their sides flashes white foam as half-naked rowers bend to their toil.

Their decks are crowded with fierce-looking men. At the bow of the leading ship stands Red Jenn, the chieftain of these pirate crews. They are coming home from a plundering expedition to the sunny vinelands and treasure-filled castles of Normandy.

Red Jenn glances at the small, straggling village nestling at the foot of a rocky cape; then he gazes at a rude stone building which crowns that cliff. That is Red Jenn's castle. He looks to see if some other sea-eagle has plundered his nest in his absence.

When Red Jenn, sailing along this rocky, desolate coast, picked out this cape for the site of the capital of his petty kingdom, a pair of sea-eagles had their nest on the brow of this promontory. Red Jenn slew the eagles. There he built his home, and called it "Eyry-Cliff."

Within half an hour the vessels drew near to the narrow beach. Most of the freebooters landed. Red Jenn and a score of his more trusted men climbed the difficult and dangerous path up to the frowning castle.

Grand preparations have been made to welcome home the master. Into a huge hall the ruffians stride, over the rush-heaped floor. The high, smoked walls are ornamented with trophies of the chase, from sea and land. Before a well-laden table stand the wife and daughters of Red Jenn; behind them is a crowd of servants.

"Welcome!" cry the ladies: "Welcome!" echo the crowd of retainers.

Red Jenn says to his second daughter: "Thyra, Magnus is now my first officer; you will marry him to-morrow."

Thyra detests this Magnus, yet her father is determined to force her to marry him. Magnus tries to smile upon Thyra; he succeeds in leering hideously. Thyra turns pale with fright, and looks away from him. Magnus scowls.

"See, wife!" cries Red Jenn; "I've brought you a new jester!"

So saying, Red Jenn points at a tall, pale youth, whose face and dress proclaim him a Norman.

"But where is his cap and the bells?" laughs Red Jenn's wife.

"Oh," replies Red Jenn, "his dress is clownish enough for the present."

With many coarse laughs and jests uncouth the ruffians crowd around the table. Smoking meats, half raw, are devoured disgustingly. "Fire-water" flows freely. Bad jokes are bandied about.

Wild, rollicking songs are fiercely chanted. Here is a specimen:

"Fill each ruby beaker up!
Run it o'er the foamy brim!
While you drain each frothing cup,
Drink to Death, our monarch grim!

"Pledge the souls of Vikings fled
In their pride to Walhalla!
Fill big bumpers for the dead!
They would have us jolly!"

Soon the liquor takes its wonted course. With faces flushed the sea-kings yell: "The slave must die in the temple of Odin!"

Their wolfish eyes turn toward the Norman youth, who is scarcely more than a lad. Although he is loaded with chains, his bearing says: "My spirit defies you!"

The human wolves snatch out their daggers and scream: "Kill him! kill him!"

Thyra is scared, yet filled with pity. She rushes to her father, clasps his knees, and pleads, "O, father! Spare him!"

With an oath, Red Jenn shakes off Thyra's grasp, and shouts: "Strike sure! strike deep, my boys!"

Thyra trembles for an instant, then bounds for the door. The captive, cornered, not knowing where to flee, stands irresolute for a moment. Seeing the flying Thyra, he follows her.

He jerks up his chained hands and brings his fetters down upon his guard's head. He adroitly dodges the knife-plunge of Magnus. He bounds for the door. Flashing knives strike at him. Eager hands grab for him. He is caught? No, thank fortune!

He sees Thyra step lightly up a stone stairway. He rushes after her; up, up; around, around; his footsteps answering to hers, and his responded to by the heavy tramp, tramp, of the human hounds thirsting for his blood. Up, up, amid glooms and damps. At intervals are slits of light through the thick stone walls of the tower. Louder, nearer, come the feet of the murderers.

The wretched pair burst from the well out on to the narrow parapet. Death faces them; death chases them. One chance only is left. Their eyes meet; their hands together clasp; they look off and down; they leap together; outward, downward into the more friendly sea and half-welcome arms of that death!

THE publishing house of Alb. Cammermeyer, Christiania, is publishing a well-received series of "Norsk Forfatterlexikon," edited by J. B. Halvorsen. This lexicon of authors is a credit alike to both publishers and editor.

DEMOSTHENES.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY A. T. LINDHOLM.

CHARACTERS.

PHILIP, King of Macedon.
 ALEXANDER, his son.
 DEMOSTHENES,
 ÆSCHINES,
 DEMADES,
 HYPERIDES, } Athenian Orators.
 ERIGONE, Demosthenes' daughter.
 PHORMIO, Demades' son.
 ARCHIAS, Captain of Philip's Guard.
 A MACEDONIAN CAPTAIN.
 DAMON, an Athenian Citizen.
 BENNO, Demosthenes' Slave.
 HARPALUS, a Macedonian General.
 An Archon.
 A Priest.
 Three Speaking Athenians.
 An Athenian Woman.
 A Cheronean Woman.
 A Macedonian Citizen.
 A Prisoner from Amphissa.
 An Athenian Messenger.
 Athenians, Thebans, Macedonians, Prisoners.

ACT II.

The public square in Athens. In the background is seen the acropolis. To the left a tribunal hewn in the rock. At the center of stage to the rear an altar. To the right a low pillar with inscription.

SCENE I.

(ÆSCHINES and HARPALUS discovered.)

HARPALUS. Well, Æschines, my prophecy came true! To Athens has this day returned the man Whom we have reason both to hate and fear— Thus in a moment has been set at naught A scheme, devised by skill and strategy, Which p'r'aps to-morrow would been consummated!

ÆSCHINES. Why, my brave Harpalus, when thus thou'rt scared

By a small bluster of adversity,
 How then confront the storm? If this be now
 The proof of thy great valor, would it not
 Be wise of thee to leave King Philip's army?

HARPALUS. Thou'rt mocking!

ÆSCHINES. Peace! we understand each other.
 It would be ill-becoming for us both
 Here to reproach each other of our weakness,
 Just in the moment of a common danger,
 The grave results of which we share alike—
 Yet now, if ever, might a proof be had
 Of the warm zeal which thou dost boast of having
 For Philip's cause, his plans and his success.

HARPALUS. To further them how vain are mine attempts!

When thou, with all thy cunning art and wisdom,
 Hast not been able to prevent a blow,
 Which brings this day to us disgrace and ruin!

ÆSCHINES. To us? I fear to Athens!

HARPALUS. Ah, dost thou
 Fear only this? Well, then is all accomplished!
 We have fulfilled our mission, and I therefore
 Will now advise to spare thyself a zeal
 Which would, in such event, be superfluous!

ÆSCHINES. Thanks, for thy kind advice. Well, one can hear

That thou art not as I, Athenian born.
 Words comprehensible to a free man
 Are discords to the servant of a king.
 Who, then, could ever make *thee* understand
 What's thought and felt by a free citizen?

HARPALUS. Again the boasting of your liberty!
 Ah, well, ye've reason to be proud of her,
 For she's a treasure: purchased once with gold
 By Persia's king, and now also by Philip.
 Thou, Æschines, know'st also how to price her;
 No wonder, for thou art both *wise* and *learned*!

ÆSCHINES. Woe to an evil and reviling tongue!

HARPALUS. Proceed! I see *thine* well prepared to
 Against my head its battery of words— [unload
 This is your art of war, ye men of Athens!

ÆSCHINES. I feel as though I ought to forbear thy
 I well deserved this when I thee forbore, [scorn.

And, as a freeman, thus debased *myself*
 To take a part in all thy villainies—
 For this may I incur the wrath of gods!
 Thou dost not comprehend me—yet remember,
 And mark thou well my words: thy king believes
 That he with gold can make us all his slaves,
 And that his chains are easy, but they glitter—
 He should believe it. They are *royal* gifts.
 And where a ruler scatters gold and favor,
 Disgrace and violence attend his sway!

Thou com'st amongst us—as thou did'st pretend—
 Driven from Philip's court, whose vengeance thou
 Did'st fear, and, through our sympathy, did'st find
 A refuge, and became our friend and guest.
 To me, however, was the truth revealed,
 When from thy visage off I tore the mask!
 Still Philip's friend, in undiminished favor,
 A spy thou wast by him sent here amongst us,
 To further with thy treachery his plans—
 Thus thou hast snared us in a net of lies
 As fine and subtle as are spun at courts!

HARPALUS. Ay, and how easily thou'st in it caught!

(*Crowds of people crossing the stage.*)

Behold! what crowds are passing by—
 The city is afoot to meet her hero;
 Soon shall the orator be here, and *we*
 Be silent witnesses to his great triumph!

ÆSCHINES. He shall at least not find *me* silent.

HARPALUS.

Ah!

I understand he is thine enemy;
 To see him here applauded by the people
 Must hurt. I can perceive thine anger.
 Yet thou dost hope to slay him in a combat
 Of rattling speech, in which ye both are experts!

ÆSCHINES. Nay, Harpalus, thou dost not understand!

I do not hate Demosthenes; I've tried
 My own heart's depth, and also fathomed *his*;
 No hate or ill-will there was ever found,
 Nor is there yet, perhaps that he respects me.
 With awful reverence I behold his greatness!
 Ay, like the Rhodian Colossus, he
 Is towering over us, too vast, profound,
 To be by Athens fully comprehended.
 Though humbly I concede to him the fame

Of his great wisdom, and his brilliant genius;
 Yet the republic cannot follow them.
 By him unsafely drawn to his own height,
 She, dazzled by a strange, uncertain glory,
 Deceived in her own strength, thence shall be hurled
 Into perdition. Ah, I cannot see her fall;
 Wherefore I'll war against the blind devotion
 Which brings a heedless people to his feet,
 And thence, alas, to ruin and disgrace.
 Behold in me not Philip's purchased friend:
 I have discerned his plans. Could we resist
 His arms, and his deceit, more dangerous still,
 Think not that he in me would find an ally.
 But against all these odds at his command,
 With half of Greece adherent to his cause,
 How vain for mine own country to contend!
 Hence, at thy hands, with prudence, I accepted
 His offer, and, though humbled and abased,
 Entered with thee into negotiations
 For peace, still hoping better days might come.
 Well, have I now explained myself? Dost thou
 Yet understand the motive of mine actions?

HARPALUS. Well, I begin. Thou must *compel* thyself
 To heed King Philip's wish. Ay, I indeed
 Begin to see how little weighs his gold!
 But mark: perhaps more weighty is his sword;
 And certainly his chains shall turn the scale!

ÆSCHINES. Thy haughty speech is worthy of its
 author,
 And I'll no longer heed nor listen to it!
 Return to Philip, who has sent thee hither,
 And tell him all what here I've said to thee:
 Then he shall know with whom he has to do.
 Now, as a spy, *thy* mission is at end—
 Hence, *mine* shall be a freeman's—fare thee well!

(HARPALUS *withdraws*.)

SCENE II.

(Enter DEMOSTHENES, ERIGONE, *leaning on* BENNO'S
 arm, BENNO, an ARCHON, a PRIEST and CITIZENS.)

CITIZENS. Hail thee, Demosthenes!
 DEMOSTHENES. Athens is free!
 And I again do tread her soil! Ye gods!
 Has then your anger ceased? And against me
 Ye hurl no more the lightning of your wrath?
 The city has recalled me, though not driven
 Thereto by Fate's decree. O precious moment,
 The consummation of my brightest dreams!
 Thus happy was not Alcibiades!

FIRST CITIZEN. He has spent four long years in banish-
 ment!

SECOND CITIZEN. For which to-day he will be well
 rewarded.

A WOMAN. Yet grief betrays his countenance!

SECOND CITIZEN. Nay, woman;
 'Tis joy's serenity that's there depicted.

WOMAN. He must have suffered much!

A PRIEST. And much enjoyed!
 For grief and joy are gifts from the same gods.
 Nothing doth man befall but they've ordained it.
 Ay, 'round each human birth they knit life's chain,
 Of which the first and the last link's called—Sorrow;
 Though 'twixt them bloometh, sometimes, joy's sweet flower,

Fair to contemplate, fairer still to hope.

For hope and joy be thankful all ye people!

ALL CITIZENS. Praise be to them and their interpreter!

ARCHON. Attention, citizens! for it is time

Our council to begin. Thou priest of gods,

Go, solemnize this hour with thy prayers!

THE PRIEST (*approaching the Altar*). Ye great Olympic
 powers, who, exalted,

Dwell yonder in the glorious realms of light!

And ye who sternly rule the mighty deeps—

But first to thee, O Pallas!—we direct

Our supplications. Look unto thy Athens,

And turn to her the gaze of the immortals.

With wisdom and great valor fill the minds

Of all her noble sons; with artful hand

Guide her fair daughters' tasks, and let thy shield

Be hurled to the destruction of our foes.

May glad our offerings on thine altar burn.

Descend, and give thy wisdom to this council—

Pallas, Athena, hearken to our prayers!

ALL. Pallas, Athena, hearken to our prayers!

ARCHON. Our offering is made, and now assemble

'Round the tribunal, all ye citizens,

And may the women to their homes return!

(*Exit all the women except ERIGONE.*)

Who is the girl yonder, remaining still?

Did'st thou not hear? Go thou home to thy tasks!

ERIGONE. I have not yet a home. Can I remain?

ARCHON. Who art thou, maiden?

ERIGONE. Yonder stands my father.

CITIZENS. Demosthenes!

DEMOSTHENES. My daughter is complaining
 That she has not a home, and yet she's here.

FIRST CITIZEN. A home thou'lt find in any house in
 Athens.

SECOND CITIZEN. Thou need'st but say what house may
 please thee most.

THIRD CITIZEN. How pale she is!

FIRST CITIZEN. Still not less beautiful!

SECOND CITIZEN. Wilt thou remain here?

ERIGONE. Ay.

DEMOSTHENES. The laws of state
 Forbid this unto all of her own sex.

THIRD CITIZEN. What care we for this law? We'll
 make a law.

FIRST CITIZEN. Well, fellow-citizens, we hereby give
 Unto the daughter of Demosthenes

The right to be here present at our council.

CITIZENS (*raising their hands*). It is a law, and so by
 us resolved.

DEMOSTHENES. I thank ye, friends and fellow-citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN. But the old slave who is attending
 her?

SECOND CITIZEN. A gray old man.

THIRD CITIZEN. A slave cannot stay here.

BENNO. She needs my help.

FIRST CITIZEN. Then separate them not.

DEMOSTHENES. He likewise did protect me when a
 child.

SECOND CITIZEN. He is not *then* a slave.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be free,
 And may the state pay ransom for his freedom.

ERIGONE (*to BENNO*). My father is not asked.

BENNO. Ay, ay; thus rules
The people: 'tis a wild, unruly sea.
ARCHON. Ye fellow-citizens! Now your attention
Is called to graver duties of the hour.
Let him who for the welfare of our city
Has aught to offer, speak.
CITIZENS. We then request
Demosthenes to speak from the tribunal.
ÆSCHINES. Friends, hear me first.
CITIZENS. For this we have not time.
Demosthenes!
DEMOSTHENES. If Æschines desires,
Let him speak first.
CITIZENS. Well, if it pleases thee.
FIRST CITIZEN. It will be water to dilute the wine.
SECOND CITIZEN. A witty joke.
THIRD CITIZEN. It ought to be recorded.
ÆSCHINES (*ascends the Tribunal*). Athenians! Great
dangers do surround ye.
Not only outside of our walls they threaten,
But even in our midst. Know ye, my friends,
We've cause to tremble—not alone for Philip?
CITIZENS. We tremble not.
FIRST CITIZEN. Ill-chosen are thy words!
SECOND CITIZEN. They have been bargained for, and
paid by Philip.
ÆSCHINES. Why interrupt me? Gods shall then not
Our prayers. [heed]
CITIZENS. Go on; we shall not interrupt thee.
ÆSCHINES. Think ye that I can doubt your bravery?
Ah! am I not myself of Attic blood?
The Greek can ne'er betray—but this can Fate;
False is her favor: oft betokens fall.
And who is injured by our fall? Our country!
If *we* endure—*she* also shall endure.
Now Fortune favors Philip, as by turns
She so hath done with Sparta and with Athens.
While one she fondles she beguiles the other;
For in her heart can be but room for one.
CITIZENS. 'Tis spoken well.
ÆSCHINES. The wise observes the time.
He knows however dark the night might be
Preceding day, yet morning dawns, and though
Himself not strong, can ally with the strong.
Doth our own goddess only wield the spear
To crush the Gorgon's head? Doth she possess
The gift of valor only, and none other?
Knows not the city shielded by our Pallas
That on her stately brow, under the helmet,
Lies hidden wisdom's treasure, heaven born?
Oh Athens! for thy knowledge so renowned,
Hast thou at once its value then forgotten?
Strong is the warrior's arm, the sword far-reaching;
Yet understanding in the brain, deep seated,
Is stronger yet, and reaches farther still!
Who then, think ye, is marching upon us?
Is it King Philip only with his army,
In blind reliance on his might and fortune?
Ah! ye know well so reckless he is not,
For then, assisted by the gods, our chances
Would equal his, and by no means would I
Advise ye to avoid with him a combat.
Ye love war's tumult, and the clash of arms;

Against a world ye fear not to contend!
But the high gods ye fear! well, their own cause
Is Philip's, and they are now on *his* side.
Amphissa's outraged Delphi's holy city.
The anger of the Oracle must be
Appeased, and the Amphictyonic council
To Philip has assigned to be avenger.
From this time forth he acts in *their* behalf.
Invested thus with power of heaven and earth,
Who can resist him? Ye, my friends, cannot
Take sides with the despoilers of the temple,
And hinder the revenge to be fulfilled!
'Tis said he's threatening our independence;
That he will conquer Greece! 'Tis an illusion.
If it were so, would Sparta then be quiet?
For she her freedom loves as well as we.
And think ye Thebes would then indorse his plans?
Believe me, then, he comes not as our foe;
He but desires that we declare ourselves
If *for* or *'gainst* him we intend to be;
As ye must know he cannot well afford
To leave a dangerous foeman in his rear.
Is his request not fair? Well, why not then
Declare yourselves for his and heaven's cause,
And by your firm resolve avoid the danger?
But if the evil spirit should advise you
To a contrary action; woe be unto us!
For boundless is the wrath of gods, and Pallas
Shall then forever turn her face from us.
Take warning, ye, from Phocis' mournful fate;
Her fields are devastated, and her cities,
Once the proud monuments of her fame and glory,
Are now but crumbling ruins. Oh, ye gods!
Dispel these apprehensions from our hearts;
Avert that such a day might ever come,
When here the traveler from foreign lands
Shall pause and ask: "Where did your Athens stand?"
SOME CITIZENS. He seems have right!
OTHERS. Woe to us should this happen!
DEMOSTHENES. I ask the word.
ÆSCHINES. Friends, do not listen to him.
Archon, declare the council closed.
CITIZENS. Nay, nay;
All here have right to speak, and chiefly *he*:
Demosthenes!
ARCHON (*to DEMOSTHENES*). The citizens call *thee*,
And the tribunal waits.
ÆSCHINES. Ay, and dishonor;
And an ignoble fall awaits his country!
CITIZENS. Hush! harken unto him!
(DEMOSTHENES *meanwhile having ascended the Tribunal*).
DEMOSTHENES. Hear me, ye high
Olympic powers, who to Cecrops' city
Yield your protection! thou, O Delos' god,
Whose omnipresence in the heavens with awe
All men behold; as thou laid'st Python low,
May here thy golden arrow strike me dead
If not my hopes and aspirations all
Have been for Athens' weal—if not each word
Or sentence from my lips has ever been
A tribute to her honor and her fame!
CITIZENS. Bravo! thus only speaks Demosthenes!
DEMOSTHENES. What motive thou art led by, Æschines,

I know not, whether fear or something worse;
Or, be it granted, zeal for Athens' welfare—
May this the gods determine. But thy speech
I'll put to test. To battle in their cause
Thou said'st the gods have chosen Phillip—strange!
Do gods assign to man what *they* themselves
Can execute? And whom choose they? A *king*,
Who, but an earthly shadow of *their* power,
With vain conceit believes himself their equal;
From early you'h spoiled by the freaks of fortune
He with contempt now tramples under foot
Truth, justice, liberty—their noblest gifts.
He now pretends for heaven's cause a zeal
Which ne'er is found within a mind polluted
By lust of power. Ah! therein cannot dwell
The greatest gifts bestowed by heaven. Peace!
How does he manifest it? When he breeds
Strife and contention 'mongst the tribes of Greece.
Already twenty years here war has raged.
Who lit its glaring torch and fed its flames?
Who has of Phocis made a tomb? Oh shades
Of doomed Olynthus, ye lamented heroes,
Who has your famous city laid in waste?
Who murdered these noble brothers, bleeding
In the same hecatomb, devouring *you*?
Oh, outraged nature, I receive thine answer:
It was King Phillip, their own friend and kinsman.

CITIZENS. Ha! treacherous!

DEMOSTHENES. He who doth not regard
The ties of kindred cannot heed the gods.
Too well is known his friendship for our city;
But the Olynthus, whose inhabitants
He's slain, was she not then our friend and ally?
Of our own kin and race?

CITIZENS. Ay, it is true.

DEMOSTHENES. Though praised may be his many
victories

And policies of state, yet know ye all
These exploits of his genius by their names?
Bribery, deceit! think ye these accusations
Unjust? Then judge ye him by his own words:
"The city through whose gates I can lead forth
An animal with golden treasures laden,
Is captured already by mine army."
And who'll affirm not Phillip's golden treasure
Has found its way already through our gates,
And his own hirelings walk now amongst us?

CITIZENS. Where are they? Where? Ah, thou need'st
only name them!

DEMOSTHENES. I do not know; I've no desire to
know it.

Where'er the traitor be, close on do follow
The furies of revenge—may they devour him!
'Gainst Delphi is a sacrilege committed.
Who sayeth this? Amyntas' crafty son:
As his desire is to be avenger,
He will succeed; for the Amphycytons,
Timid and faltering, shall give consent.
Athens' and Thebes' voices shall in vain
Be raised 'gainst his devices cloaked in zeal.
Vainly shall ye seek to convince the blind
That it is not the right of Delphi's temple
That is imposed upon, but that of *Greece*,

Which thereby shall be placed in jeopardy.
Unwilling, none can be convinced of error;
Neither can foul venality resist
These arguments, which weighted are with gold.
We all have heard of great monstrosities,
Yet tell me one more hideous to think of
Than independent Greeks humiliating
Themselves to heed the mandates of a king!
We see it now—yet let us not take fright,
But from our lethargy arouse ourselves
To preconcerted action, and like men
Drive the vile monster back into its lair,
That not our soil by it may be polluted!

(*Great stir amongst the citizens.*)

The base destroyer of our peace—the foul
Usurper, murderer—ah, it is *he*
Who for the gods burns with unholy zeal!
He in *their* name now marches on Amphissa,
And heaven's friend becomes the scourge of earth!
He little cares what means he doth employ
To gain his end, whether 'tis gold or blood!
What spares the wolf in ambush for his prey?
Thus Phillip. If, within Amphissa's walls,
Upon her tripod, sat the god anointed,
And he should covet Delphi's temple treasures,
Think ye the peace of gods would shield them? Nay!
He serves the evil spirit of ambition—
A god to whom devoutly he bows down—
In his conception nothing else is holy.
Worshiping him he all can undertake:
Fair promises, deception, peace and war;
Ay, even self put on the garb of virtue,
For in her service he best serves himself;
Thus nearer t'wards his aim he is approaching,
Until each state is coiled within his snares;
But *one* step more, and on our own free land
He lays oppression's ignominious chains!

CITIZENS. This he shall not; nay, it shall never hap-
pen!

ÆSCHINES. But, friends, who can prevent it?

DEMOSTHENES. By the gods,

We can! If human will and power are vain
Against a stern, inevitable fate,
Are they, if led by justice and by prudence,
Prepared to war 'gainst arrogance of man?
Perish we may ourselves—our honor, never!
Then rise in *her* defense! for where'er found
Shall Athens stand upon the rock of time!
CITIZEN. Hail thee! ay, she shall stand!

SCENE III.

(*Enter a messenger.*)

ARCHON (*to messenger*). What bringest thou?

MESSANGER. Chares, our general, doth send me hither
From Eleusis—where he's encamped—with tidings
That Phillip's army has already reached
Thermopylæ; and Locris, terror stricken,
Seen Elatea fallen in his power!

CITIZENS. Phocis' last city!

DEMOSTHENES. Ah, she's also shared
Her sister's fate!

MESSANGER. Amphissa's threatened,
And may now at this moment be his prey;

And Thebes, betwixt resistance and alliance,
Yet wavering.

CITIZENS. We must defeat his purpose!

ÆSCHINES. The danger is approaching—ah! my
friends,

Be not deceived, for Thebes is now with Philip.

CITIZENS. Thou knowest best!

MESSENGER. Two letters have been taken
From Philip's messenger.

(*Delivers the letters to DEMOSTHENES.*)

DEMOSTHENES. They may reveal

His plans.

CITIZENS. Read them!

DEMOSTHENES (*reads*). "Unto Parmenio,

"From Philip greeting: While I make attack

"Upon Amphissa's walls, persuade on Thebes

"To join my party. Thence, with great dispatch,

"Proceed to Athens. There I've many friends

"Who lend assistance to my cause, amongst them

"Thou chiefly canst depend on Æschines."

CITIZENS. Ha! Æschines!

DEMOSTHENES. Ah, this was then the riddle
In thy dissembled speech!

ÆSCHINES. Who can accuse me

Of a conspiracy?

CITIZENS. We, for 'tis proven!

FIRST CITIZEN. Thy friend has thee betrayed.

DEMOSTHENES. Let him defend
Himself!

ÆSCHINES. Hear me—

CITIZENS. Nay, we have heard enough!

FIRST CITIZEN. Ought he not to be banished from the
city?

CITIZENS. Ay! and this very day he must be gone!

ÆSCHINES. My countrymen—

ARCHON. Thou'st heard their will: obey!

ÆSCHINES. Ah! citizens, from pangs of deep regret
Spare ye the gods!

(*Exit ÆSCHINES.*)

CITIZENS (*to DEMOSTHENES*). Explain the other letter!

DEMOSTHENES. 'Tis to Olympos—

CITIZENS. To Philip's wife?

DEMOSTHENES. Ay; and although 'tis said that he re-
gards not

The ties of matrimony, they by us

Must be kept sacred and inviolate—

What shall be done, then, with this letter?

CITIZENS. Send it

Unbroken back!

DEMOSTHENES. My friends, a righteous law!
And worthy of you.

CITIZENS. 'Twas by thee proposed.

DEMOSTHENES. Now, fellow-citizens, let us decide

What steps to take in thwarting Philip's schemes.

CITIZEN. What's thine opinion?

DEMOSTHENES. Well, resort to tax.

Fit out your ships; each freeman arm himself;

Proclaim that our republic is in peril—

An army and a fleet at once let be

Prepared for war!

CITIZENS. War against Philip, war!

DEMOSTHENES. While we appeal to heaven and our
swords,

Let's not forget to proffer now our friendship

To our own sister state, sharing our danger.

We must seek help from Thebes—unto her senate

Let us at once send out a deputation.

CITIZENS. Our former enemy.

DEMOSTHENES. Our friend, perhaps,

In time of need. Let us forget old feuds,

And now but think of Greece!

CITIZENS. Thou goest to Thebes.

DEMOSTHENES. Who goeth with me?

CITIZENS. Whoe'er thou may'st choose.

DEMOSTHENES. Wilt thou then follow me, Hyperides?

HYPERIDES. Who can oppose thine and the people's
will?

DEMOSTHENES. Here stands a monument ye once
erected

As token of a peace declared with Philip,

Now, by his broken pledge and your resolve,

Canceled forever! Ignominiously,

Likewise, as he dishonored this peace,

Let now the column perish by your hands!

FIRST CITIZEN. This our first compromise with treachery
Be now the last!

CITIZENS. May it be crushed,

Ay, and consigned forever to oblivion!

(*The citizens tear the pillar down and destroy the fragments.*)

DEMOSTHENES. Ye men of Attica, for ye remains

A holy duty, which your hearts remember;

Unto the gods let us unite in prayers,

That they may yield us strength and victory;

Posiedon's trident, Ares' hero-wrath,

And Pal'as' wisdom, hence may guide our arms!

ARCHON. The council now is closed!

CITIZENS. On, to the temple!

(*Exit citizens.*)

DEMOSTHENES. Ah! Erigone, thou yet staying here,
Despite the crowded streets?

ERIGONE. How could I then

Depart from thee, dear father, and not witness

Thy triumph? Ay, forego a moment which

To me revealed the fullness of thy greatness?

Like as an apparition, yet unseen,

Have I this day beheld thee, noble father!

Thy mind, high soaring upon wings of speech,

With power irresistible, transporting

A people to thine own high sphere!—This vision,

A harbinger unto my soul, has poured

Oblivion's healing balm into its wound!

DEMOSTHENES. Come, dear —

SCENE IV.

(*Enter ÆSCHINES attended by a slave carrying a package.*)

DEMOSTHENES. Ah! Æschines, whither goest thou?

ÆSCHINES. Thither, whence thou hast come, and now
send'st me:

From Athens, into banishment and woe!

DEMOSTHENES. Not I.

ÆSCHINES. Thine echo, though! the fickle crowd
Who now with Fortune's wind has turned to thee.

DEMOSTHENES. The fiery courser now obeys my reins;

Who knows how long? Well, Æschines, in truth

We strive for same results, though far we differ

In how obtaining them. Thou art for peace,

So I, but for an *honorable* peace!
 Thou wished freedom—by the grace of Philip—
 And fame to Athens as bestowed by *him*.
 Yet I, with great abhorrence, spurn these gifts,
 Whatever name or form they may assume.
 Which of us is at fault? Perhaps am I,
 Though Fortune's scale seems now turned toward me.
 Ah, strong is human will—but frail her power.
We for all ends contend—yet gods determine!
 Then unto them must we leave all results,
 And let our good intents be our consolers.
 As friend still will I ever part with friend.—
 Thou art not rich.

ÆSCHINES. I served, like thee, my country;
 Thou knowest well if one then gathers treasures.
 DEMOSTHENES. Ay, many, though they not consist in
 gold.
 Here's mine inheritance—share half with me.

(Delivering to him a purse containing gold.)
 To exile's solitude lead many paths!
 Thine may, perhaps, lead to Ægina's shore—
 There stands a little house—a calm retreat
 For sorrow-laden hearts—thou may'st possess it.
 Perhaps, that in this place I soon shall meet thee—
 Thou weepest—Æschines!

ÆSCHINES. Must I not leave
 A city where I've enemies like thee?
 DEMOSTHENES. Not so. I fain would have thee call me
 friend.

ÆSCHINES. To be thy friend must I become thine equal.
 Nay, seek this honor rather among heroes;
 Still—let me worthy be to take thy hand.

(Exit ÆSCHINES.)

ERIGONE. Oh, father!
 DEMOSTHENES. What, my child?
 ERIGONE. Art thou not rich?
 DEMOSTHENES. Ay, as I thee possess. But time doth
 haste;

My presence now is wanted in the temple.
 Seek Damon's dwelling, there I will rejoin thee.

(Exit.)

BENNO. It ill befits us here to longer stay.
 Let us be gone—the streets are now abandoned,
 And all the people now have sought their homes.
 ERIGONE. Friend, but a moment longer will I stay.
 BENNO. But oh! I see Death's pallor on thy cheek!
 ERIGONE. Nay, it is Life! The winged butterfly
 Is *now* prepared to leave its larval prison
 For freer space. Ah! even thus shall I
 Be soon transformed. Though I have suffered *all*,
 I've all enjoyed! Then why should I fear death,
 When life's great purpose has been thus fulfilled?
 Receive my thanks.—O Helios! no more
 Thy golden gaze shall greet me upon earth.
 I thank ye, gods of art and song. O spirits,
 Whose omnipresence in the charms of nature
 I yet perceive, majestic ye ascend
 From yonder pillared groves! Invite to awe
 In living sculpture of immortal gods!
 In holy temple hymns ye're teeming forth
 In notes of heavenly harmony. Did I
 Not feel your presence, list'ning to my father?
 Oh, whisper ye not also through my heart?

Phormio loves me! He shall think of me
 E'er through his life's bright summer: yea, his autumn.
 What more of beauty, grandeur, can then Earth
 Bestow on me? I see my father's name
 Emblazoned upon memory's bright page.
 Unto my heart ascends Elysian peace,
 And honor, fame and glory unto Athens!

(Exit ERIGONE, leaning on BENNO's arm.)

(End of Act II.)

[Continued in March number.]

NOTES AND NEWS.

JONAS LIE is engaged on a new novel.

CARL LUMHOLTZ, Australian explorer, has returned from
 Queensland to his home in Norway.

CAPTAIN FALSEN, of Bodö, has been appointed consul-
 general of Sweden Norway at Archangel.

MR. MOLTKE MOE is designated for a new professorship
 at the University at Christiania for the popular dialects of
 Norway.

THE Nordenfeldt under-sea boat is one of the numerous
 modern inventions with which Swedish genius has enriched
 the world.

RASMUS B. ANDERSON, the American minister to Copen-
 hagen, recently visited Kjelland, the author, at his home
 in Norway.

THE present Swedish Riksdag will decide upon impor-
 tant extensions of the Swedish system of national railways
 and the improvement of the Angermanna river.

A CORRESPONDENT from Norway estimates the value of
 the last harvest at 50,000,000 crowns below the average,
 resulting from frozen grain, ruined hay and rotten potatoes.

G. F. ALMQVIST, Director-General of the Swedish
 prisons, has published a "Resumé historique de la reforme
 pénitentiaire en Suède depuis le commencement du
 IXième Siècle," formerly communicated to the Interna-
 tional Congress in Italy.

THE Norwegian government proposes to the Storting
 the appointment of a fisheries director and two inspectors
 for the sea fisheries for the purpose of advice concerning
 proceedings, markets, etc., with a view to suggesting
 possible new enactments.

AMONG the younger Scandinavian authors who have
 achieved favorable reputation during the past decade, Arne
 Garborg has taken rank through his "Bondestuderter"
 (Peasant Students) and his later "Forteljingar og Sogur"
 (Stories and Tales), which have become quite popular. An
 admirer, commenting on the work Garborg is doing in the
 field of Norse fiction, prophesies that he will take rank with
 Lie, Kjelland and Paulsen.

In the present Swedish Riksdag there have been appointed as president and vice president in the first chamber, Count G. Lagerbjelke and T. I. v. Ehrenheim, late member of the cabinet; in the second chamber the merchant Olof Wijk, and the peasant-farmer from Dalecarlia, Liss Olof Larsson.

A DANISH farmer, Mr. Friis, of Lindersvold, elucidates from a series of accounts the great difference between good and poor milch cows, thus: Supposing the 300,000 cows of the island of Sealand were all of the poor race still commonly found, they would give a yearly loss of 4,500,000 crowns; supposing they were all of the best quality, they would bring a surplus of 48,500,000 crowns, besides five times more value in manure than at present results from the dairy interests.

AMONG recent deaths in Sweden are those of the admiral of the navy, Chr. Anders Sundin; C. I. Malmström, formerly professor of mathematics at Upsala and for several years a member of the cabinet; Edw. Bäckström, editor of the official paper, *Post och Inrikes Tidningen*; Hugo Ivar Arwidson, alderman and late judge at Stockholm; and Odencrantz, late member of the First Chamber. In Norway, the composer, O. D. Winge. In Denmark, Hilmar Finsen, lord mayor of Copenhagen and late minister of interior; N. C. Von Schmidt, burgomaster of Aarhus and quartermaster-general of the Danish army during the last war; Rev. Dr. Kalckar, the leader of missionary work in Denmark and an appreciated author, and Rev. Niels Lindberg, a prominent author of the Grundtvigian school.

THE EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A NOTEWORTHY CATALOGUE.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have just brought out a new edition of the Portrait Catalogue of their publications. It embraces a list of all the books they publish, under the names of the authors, arranged alphabetically. It contains new portraits of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), and Richard Grant White, besides those included in previous editions—Agassiz, Aldrich, Hans Christian Andersen, Björnson, Browning, Bryant, John Burroughs, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Joseph Cook, Cooper, Emerson, Fields, John Fiske, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Holmes, Howells, James, Miss Jewett, Lucy Larcom, Longfellow, Lowell, Parton, Miss Phelps, Scudder, Stedman, Mrs. Stowe, Taylor, Tennyson, Mrs. Thaxter, Thoreau, Charles Dudley Warner, Whipple, Mrs. Whitney, and Whittier.

In addition to the works of the above-named authors, this Catalogue comprises most or all of those of the following writers:

Bacon, The British Poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, Dr. John Brown, Carlyle, James Freeman Clarke, F. Marion Crawford, Richard H. Dana, Jr., De Quincey, Dickens, Goethe, Homer, Hoppin, Hughes, Mrs. Jameson, Samuel Johnson, Starr King, George H. Leves, Henry Cabot Lodge, Macaulay, Owen Meredith, Montaigne, Mulford, Munger, Pascal, Platt, Adelaide Procter, Abby Sage Richardson, Saxe, Scott, Seward, J. C. Shairp, Shakespeare, Dean Swift, George Ticknor, Virgil and hundreds of others.

This Catalogue, which appears in an attractive new cover, will be sent free to any one requesting it.

THE TRAVELERS' NEW PLATE.

This office has received from The Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, a copy of their latest engraving, entitled "Leading Parisian Journals and Journalists." The Travelers display great judgment in the selection of subjects in carrying out this novel method of advertising their business, which is the largest in the world in Accident Insurance, and includes a Life department, which exceeds in importance that of most of the companies which occupy themselves with life insurance exclusively. Their previous issues, "Representative American Journals and Journalists," the group of "Famous American Authors," and "Liberty Enlightening the World," have successively been the objects of a lively popular interest, and the new one is their worthy successor. Nowhere else in the world is journalism so intensely personal as in the French capital, and the popular identification of each writer with his paper is so complete that he is seen and felt in its every line. This fact imparts special attractions to the fine likenesses which the "Travelers" group presents of the men who each day tell their personal views of national affairs to ten millions of Frenchmen, whose quick and sympathetic minds they sway, particularly in times of general excitement, to an extent which on this side of the water seems well-nigh incredible. Prominent among these admirably executed portraits are those of Emile de Girardin, one of the strongest personalities of France under the Second Empire and the Republic; Paul de Cassagnac, the handsome and talented hero of a dozen duels; John Lemoine, the French "Thunderer" Henri Rochefort, the Parisian George Francis Train, and Escoffier, who, controlling *Le Petit Journal*, possesses the unquestioned distinction of the largest circulation in the world, the average daily issue of his paper being some three-quarters of a million copies.

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